MAY, 1922
PRICE 20 CENTS

FILM FUN

VOL. 35, NO. 397 $2.00 PER YEAR



Drawn by DEALTON VALENTINE

THE MOVIE GIRL DISCOVERS WHERE ALL EYES ARE FOCUSED

Are you talking to the right man about your motion pictures?



Get acquainted with the manager of your theatre

You people who care more about better motion pictures than any other section of the community, must act.

There is one man in your midst who desires nothing better than to be guided by your wishes.

If your ideals of quality in photoplays are as high as Paramount's he wants to know about it, and he wants to show you and your friends all the Paramount Pictures he can get.

It's no good simply talking among yourselves when your indignation is aroused by some inferior picture.

Talk to the man who can change it, the manager of your theatre. If you like the show, tell him—if you don't like it, tell him.

His creed is the survival of the fittest pictures, which means Paramount Pictures—the photoplays that bring large and admiring audiences.

If you want the world's greatest entertainment all you have to do is *act*,—and remember that

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

listed in order of release
March 1, 1922, to June 1, 1922

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

"The Mistress of the World"
A Series of Four Paramount Pictures
with Mia May. Directed by Joe May
From the novel by Carl Figdor

Wallace Reid in
"The World's Champion"
Based on the play, "The Champion"
By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Louden

Gloria Swanson in
"Her Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story "The Laurels and the Lady"

Mary Miles Minter in
"The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morison
A Realart Production

Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"
By Sophie Kerr
A Cosmopolitan Production

Betty Compson in
"The Green Temptation"
From the story, "The Noose"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner

May McAvoy in
"Through a Glass Window"
By Olga Printzlau
A Realart Production

"Find the Woman"
With Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roche
A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"
Adapted from the play by Eugene Brieux

Constance Binney in
"The Sleep Walker"
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Realart Production

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in
"Bought and Paid For"
A William DeMille Production
Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst

Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"

Dorothy Dalton in
"The Crimson Challenge"
By Vingie E. Roe

Wanda Hawley in
"The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne
A Realart Production

John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade"
with David Powell
From the novel by Maurice Hewlett

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"
With T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee
Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"Beyond the Rocks"

Mia May in "My Man"

Marion Davies in
"The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in
"Val of Paradise"
By Vingie E. Roe

Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal"

In Production; two great Paramount Pictures

Cecil B. DeMille's
"Manslaughter"
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George Melford's
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A man's answer to Mrs. E. M. Hull's "The Sheik"

How To Improve Your Memory

A Complete Course in Memory Development

by

Dr. Cameron B. Rowlingson

ALL successful men must have good memories. The man with the accurate, dependable memory is the man who is marked for advancement. Memory is the mental storehouse from which your judgment draws the facts to guide it.

A poor memory is like sand: shifting, unreliable, uncertain.

A good memory conjures up the facts from the warehouse of knowledge at the beck of the will and shapes the successful man's judgment.

When one forgets, mistakes result. Mistakes cost money, cause inconvenience and sometimes ruin business.

Fundamentally, there are but two ways of Developing the Memory, one is by artificial "Systems" and the other is by natural methods.

Some of the artificial systems give surprising results—TEMPORARILY—or on some particular stunt. Their basic principle, however, is unsound for they are nothing more nor less than a mental crutch and they lack the universal applicability which characterizes the natural methods.

Dr. Cameron B. Rowlingson's course of lessons gives you the fundamental principles of the natural method of memory training, based on laws of mental action as proved by scientific investigation. Once you master his basic principles, you can apply them to anything you want to remember.

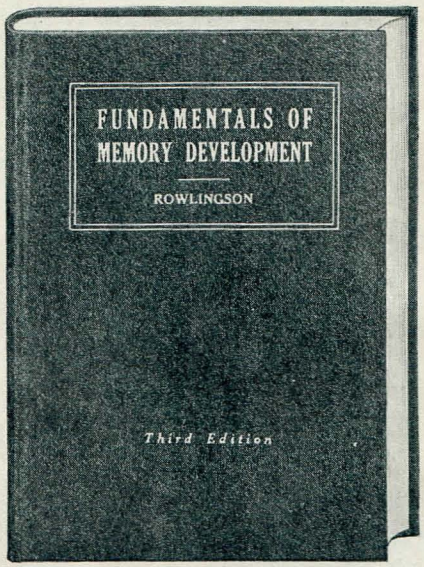
It gives you all of the basic principles of memory development. Put the principles taught into practice and as surely as effect follows cause your memory will be improved.

You receive more than printed matter; you get knowledge—expert knowledge which is presented to you in a way which makes it easily mastered.

Increase your efficiency and earning power by improving your memory.

Hasn't your failure to recall an important fact often placed you at a disadvantage in a discussion or made you feel disconcerted in business?

Hasn't the failure to recall a man's name often made you feel embarrassed or humiliated?



Size 4¾" x 6½"

Hasn't the forgetting of an important engagement or appointment caused you to lose an opportunity?

Wouldn't you like to greet all the people you have met with their right names?

Wouldn't it be an advantage to you to walk up to a person whom you have not seen for years and salute him like an intimate acquaintance?

Now all the disadvantages of a poor memory can be eliminated and you can develop a good dependable memory by practising the simple and natural rules laid down for you in the

FUNDAMENTALS OF MEMORY DEVELOPMENT

BY

DR. CAMERON B. ROWLINGSON

Syracuse University: College of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons; Associate Member of the Society of Applied Psychology; Honorary Member of the California Osteopathic Association.

Fundamentals of Memory Development is a Complete Course

of six lessons in Memory training which is the result of study and research by Dr. C. B. Rowlingson extending over a period of more than four years.

He has freed the subject of technicalities and cumbersome methods, and gives you a course that is practical and understandable, yet thoroughly scientific.

Although the course is short, it is complete. Conciseness being a virtue that makes for clearness.

Knowing the letters of the alphabet, how easy it is for us to read and write. Fundamentals of Memory Development bear the same relations to acquiring a good memory as reading does to the alphabet. Once you master these basic principles, you can apply them to anything you want to remember. These lessons give you methods for remembering and once the habit is established, it becomes automatic.

Fundamentals of Memory Development has been endorsed and recommended by business men, professional men and teachers.

For instance, the Principal of William Penn High School for Girls writes us as follows:

PHILADELPHIA.

To Whom It May Concern:

I have read with great interest "Fundamentals of Memory Development," by Dr. Cameron B. Rowlingson. It is an admirable statement of the psychology underlying the memory. Dr. Rowlingson gives suggestions for the cultivation of the memory which would certainly enable any one who followed them to make great improvement in this important function of the mind.

Yours very truly,
W. D. LEWIS,
Principal.

Fundamentals of Memory Development is printed on Regal Antique India paper and bound in the finest of pin point imitation red leather with flexible covers.

This is your opportunity to obtain this course of lessons at the reduced price of $2.00.

--------COUPON-------

Dr. Cameron B. Rowlingson,
627 West 43d Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find $2.00 payment in full, including postage for the "Fundamentals of Memory Training," by Dr. C. B. Rowlingson.

Name.....

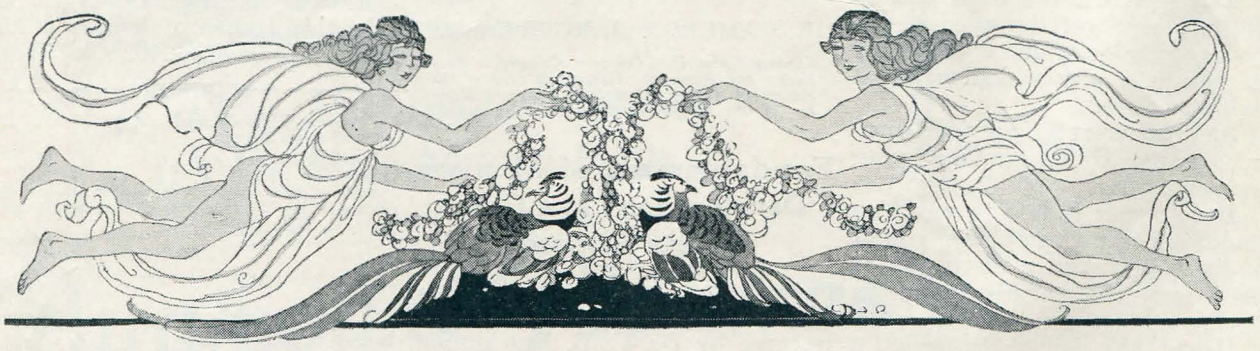
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Unlike Hamlet, Patsy Ruth Miller, of Goldwyn fame, is holding a soliloquy with a comb and instead of "To be, etc.," Patsy cries, "How comb! How comb!"



FILM FUN

THE MAGAZINE OF REAL MERRIMENT

VOLUME THIRTY-FIVE
NUMBER THREE NINETY-SEVEN

NEW YORK, *May*, 1922

$2.00 FOR THE YEAR
20 CENTS A COPY



Posed by May MacAvoy and Lois Wilson.

"Do you care for aquatic sports?"
"Well, I'm engaged to two of them!"



Posed by Sylvia Ashton and Co.

"What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"
"If I knew I'd take some myself!"







Said Mae Murray, "I must confess,
This scenario sure is a mess!
But as far as that goes
I can leave off more clothes
And my picture will be a success!"

— Mirian Krauss, 22 West 19th St., Indianapolis, Ind.



Posed by Ethel Clayton, Baby Jane Hart and Lillian Rich.

"What a cute baby! Can he talk?"
"No, he can't hardly make three hundred a week in the movies yet!"

FLIMERICKS







There's a simple young fellow named Ray,
Whose hands and feet get in his way:
But he smiles like a boy
Who deserves every joy,
So the world comes to see him at play.

—*Miss Mary G. Jackson, 305 Beech Street, Farmville, Virginia.*

REALISM in motion picture making sometimes causes great discomfiture to the director, especially when it involves articles of value. Recently a large amount of jewelry was required for a scene in "Bought and Paid For," which was filmed at the Paramount West Coast studio. William deMille, the producer, demanded real jewelry-realism—and he got it. But the value mounted up so high—fifty thousand dollars, to be exact—that the whole company was nervous during the filming of the scene for fear that some of it would be lost or stolen.

Mr. deMille had four detectives behind the camera and on the set between scenes to watch the precious articles, consisting of rings, brooches, bracelets, necklaces, diamond-set watches, pearls and platinum.

"We were more nervous during the making of that scene than if we had been doing a dangerous stunt," said Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt, who head the all-star cast in the pictures.

Such are the difficulties moving picture actors are forced to confront.



Posed by Constance Talmadge and Kenneth Harlan.

"I wouldn't marry the handsomest man that ever lived!"
"That's too bad. I was just going to propose!"

ONE hundred novels a year! That is the reading average of Thomas Meighan, Paramount star, in his quest for good material for his screen vehicles. Besides the books, Meighan peruses many short stories and plays and keeps an active watch on all new fiction, stage and short story material.

The star takes a more active interest, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries in the stories of the day, being firm in the belief that the story is the prime consideration in a good photoplay production. Anyone who is in the habit of reading two novels a week, besides a few short stories and occasionally a new play, will realize that, coupled with his other work, Mr. Meighan is a very busy man and takes a most enthusiastic, active interest in the work of making photoplays.

Every time he finds a good story, he suggests same to the reading and scenario department of the Paramount studio, for consideration.

It is of interest, in this connection, that Mr. Meighan, a close personal friend of George Ade, was largely instrumental in getting him to write the story for his latest starring production, entitled, "Our Leading Citizen," and upon which work has just begun under the direction of Alfred Green. The combination of George Ade and Thomas Meighan ought to satisfy anybody.



Posed by Milton Sills and Charles Clary.

"I want a divorce lawyer and a successful one!"
"Well, I just divorced Mr. Sumplunks from five thousand dollars!"



Posed by Marjorie Daw and John Harron.

"Do you know the 'Barber of Seville'?"
"No, I always shave myself!"

CONTRARY to popular opinion, it is just as necessary for the motion picture player to keep in condition as it is for the business man or the athlete. The camera is very exacting. To appear before it in poor physical shape is ruinous to an actor, according to Wallace Reid, Paramount star.

"An actor must always look to his personal appearance," says Reid. "It is his stock in trade. There is no surer way to keep up appearances than by systematic exercise. It need not be strenuous, but it should be thorough and regular. I always make it a point to get in at least two afternoons a week of outdoor exercise, either a golf game or a tramp in the mountains. Sometimes when I am not busy making pictures I play golf every afternoon, but that is an exception.

"Every morning before breakfast I spend fifteen minutes in setting-up exercises similar to those used in the army camps, following which I take a plunge in my outdoor swimming pool. This puts me in great shape for a hard day's work before the camera. Anyone who doesn't think it is hard work acting for a camera should just try a few days of it.

"Sometimes I vary this program with more strenuous exercises. For instance, when I was making "The World's Champion," a story which called for a number of prize fight scenes, I trained just as intensively as a fighter.

"Every man knows just how much exercise he needs, and should not take more. If you allow your physical condition to run down it is necessary to go through an intensive course until you reach the point of physical fitness. Then a few minutes a day will be sufficient to keep you in shape.

"Spasmodic exercise does very little good, I have found. To get the best results one should be as regular with his training as he is with his meals.

"Playing games like golf or tennis is always a good way to keep in condition. There is something in the spirit of play which you get in a condition with another person that takes away the drudgery of exercise. I ride horseback quite often and indulge in an occasional polo game. Any game that has a lot of action I love. I have been that way all my life. I like smash, bang-up contests that keep you going at top speed all the time.

"A man should also have mental relaxation. A hobby has a great deal to do with keeping one fit. I find that I can forget the worries of the studio through my favorite hobbies easier than in any other way. An hour at the piano before dinner or with the saxaphone or violin, as the case may be, serves as a fine tonic."



Posed by Norma Talmadge and Ethel Fleming.

"What decided you between George and John?"
"Oh, I went out with each on a dark day. John said, 'It looks like rain, but we'll take a chance.' George said, 'It looks like rain; we'll take a taxi!' I took George!"



Posed by Anita Stewart.

New Maid—Shall I say "dinner is served" or "dinner is ready"?
"Well, if it's like yesterday it would be better to say, 'dinner is spoiled'!"



Posed by Lewis Stone and Baby Richard Headrick.

Pop—You have a new baby sister.
"O-o-h! Can I go an' tell Ma?"



Posed by Katherine MacDonald and William Carleton.

"George, you weren't listening to a word I said!"
"Er—what was that, dearest?"
"I asked you if you'd give me $50 and you smiled and said, 'Yes, dear'!"



Posed by Lois Wilson.

Before the Ball

"Mama, do the ladies and gentlemen dance in separate rooms?"

FLIMERICKS



Free, white and unmarried, Tom Meighan
Cuts quite a wide swath on the screighan,
The fans like it fine,
When Tom comes in line,
And soaks a bad man on the beighan.
—*Tom Freeman, 890 Sabine Pass Ave., Beaumont, Texas.*

Here's Biography No. 2

Gloria Swanson

GLORIA SWANSON, star in Paramount pictures, was born in Chicago and was educated in that city and Porto Rico. She is five feet two inches tall, has dark brown hair and brown eyes.

Her first screen engagement was with Essanay in Chicago, and was followed by work in Universal and Keystone pictures. Following her appearance in a number of Paramount-Mack Sennett comedies, she was engaged by Cecil B. deMille for his productions and appeared in the following pictures for that famous producer: "Don't Change Your husband," "For Better, for Worse," "Male and Female," "Why Change Your Wife?" and "Something to Think About." Not long ago she signed a new five-year contract with Paramount as a star. Among her recent pictures are: "The Affairs of Anatol," "The Great Moment," "Under the Lash," and "Her Husband's Trademark." She is now at work at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, on "Beyond the Rocks," a story adopted from the novel of the same name by Elinor Glyn.

Miss Swanson lives in a beautiful home in Hollywood. She is a devotee of outdoor sports, likes horseback riding and swimming.

IN filming a large motion picture production, there are endless things which come up and try the patience of the most optimistic director. One thing directors have to be careful with is filming a scene which is not modern, as it would never do to show George Washington crossing the Delaware on the screen, and then have a high-powered motorboat shoot through the water in the background.

And in photoplay productions it is sometimes necessary to show a bit of allegory, such as cut-back, giving a parallel of the modern age and an age long gone by. In the new Pathé feature, "The Power Within," Director Lem F. Kennedy had his hands full watching for a twentieth century touch to show itself. There are a number of cut-backs of allegorical importance showing Job and his comforters in Biblical scenes which run parallel with the modern story.

Not only the director, but his technical experts were always on the



Posed by Wally Reid and Wanda Hawley.

"If you don't marry me I'll blow out my brains!"
"Impossible!"
"Oh, you don't think I have a pistol?"
"Oh, I daresay you have the pistol all right!"

watch for any slip-up which might upset the realism of the particular scene. The characters were all grouped in the desert and the cameras began to grind out footage—"Stop!" shouted Kennedy. Everything immediately became quiet and all looked at Kennedy. Smilingly, the director pointed to the sky right behind the scene. All eyes turned and saw an aeroplane looping the loop directly behind the Biblical characters. The scene had to be stopped until the plane had whisked itself out of the way. A few moments later it was discovered that Job himself had fastened the front of his garment together with a safety-pin, not thinking the pin could be seen. This also had to be corrected, as every movie fan knows that safety-pins come only in our modern age.



Posed by Doris May and Cullen Landis.

"It's six o'clock and you promised to meet me at four!"
"Oh, Jack! I thought I said five!"

FLIMERICKS



There's a dashing young fellow named Reid,
Foreordained to be rhymed up with speid.
He is frequently seen
In a racing macheen—
And he always comes out in the leid.

IF you can't go to the mountain, bring the mountain to you. That's Cecil B. DeMille's production motto and he put it in practice in the making of "Saturday Night," his latest picture, which is scheduled for release early in February.

For atmospheric reasons, the producer wanted the effect of an elevated railway thundering past the windows of a tenement flat in which some important scenes were played. Since it was impossible for the Lasky studio to go to the New York "L," the elevated came to the Lasky studio.

The cars were made of single thicknesses of building board and painted to resemble railway coaches. These were coupled together, but instead of running on a track they ran suspended from an overhead carriage. Two of these overhead tracks were constructed, each carrying a train of three cars. Motion was supplied by a gang of workmen, two large drums and the necessary cables.

The story of "Saturday Night" is by Jeanie Macpherson and the picture boasts of an all-star cast which includes Leatrice Joy, Conrad Nagel, Edith Roberts, Julia Faye, Edythe Chapman, Theodore Roberts, Sylvia Ashton, John Davidson and James Neill.

Horace Greeley would have said, "Go West, young man, but keep away from Hollywood!"



Posed by Wally Reid and Dorothy Cumming.

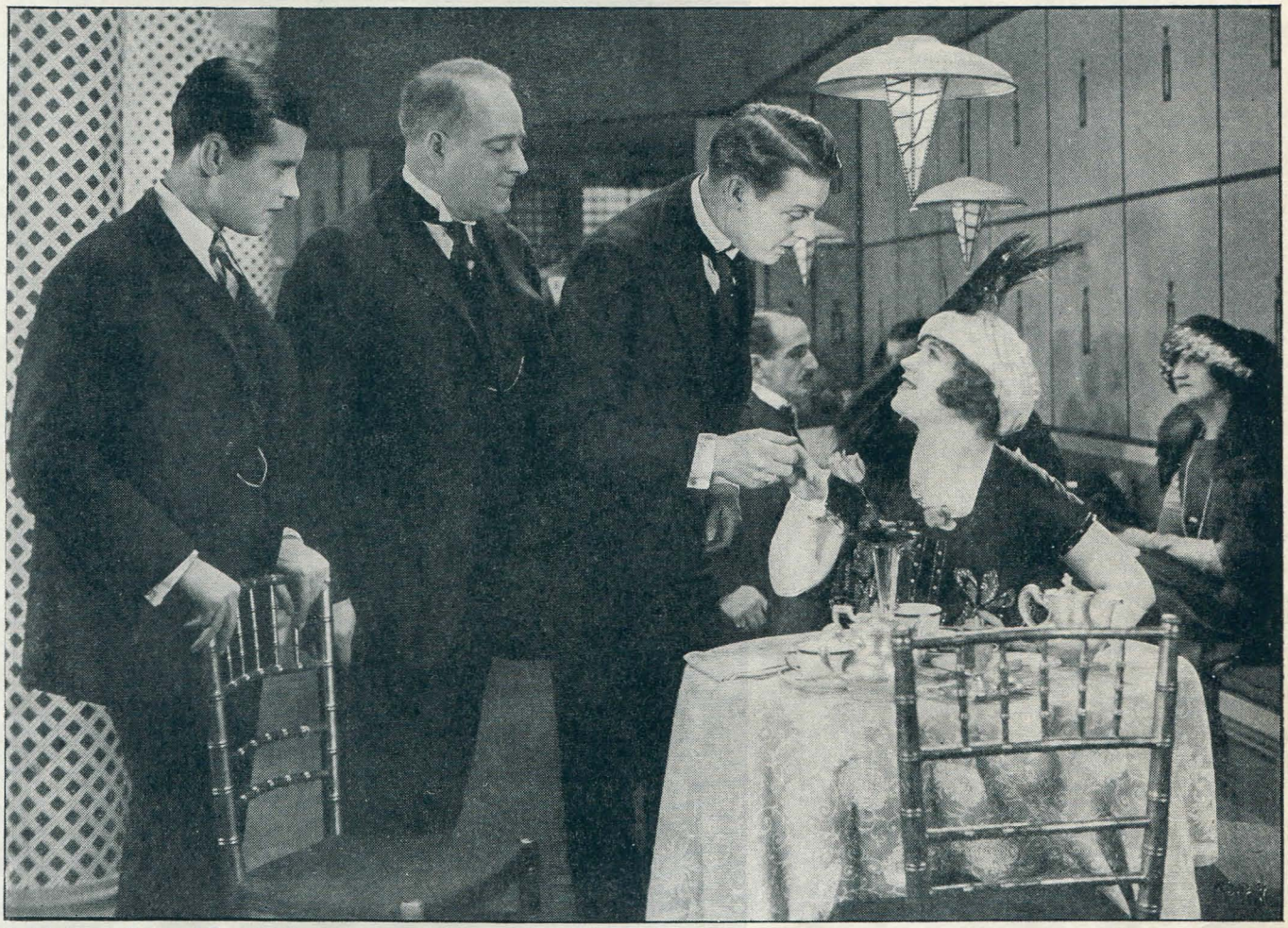
Some Fish Story

"It was such a big one it pulled me right in the river!"
"Got a soaking, eh?"
"No, luckily I landed on the fish!"



Posed by Elaine Hammerstein and Niles Welsh.

"There isn't a single man I care for!"
"That's great, I'm married!"



Posed by Marion Davies and Forrest Stanley.

"May I have a dance?"
"Yes, No. 20."
"I'm not staying that late."
"Neither am I!"



Posed by Grace Valentine and Roland Bottomley.

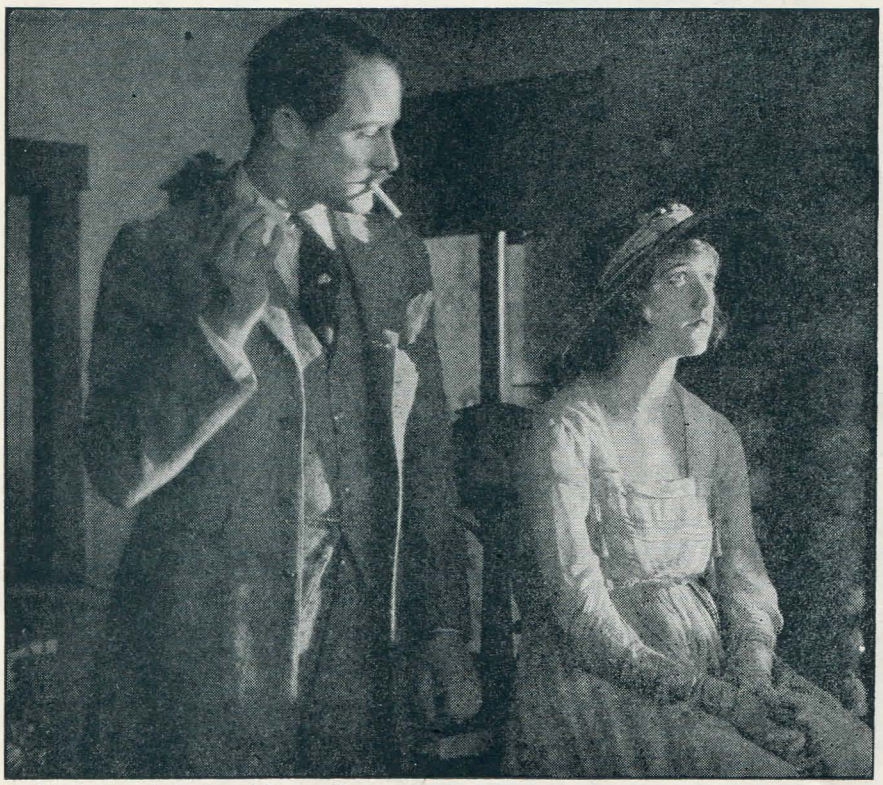
"I suppose you wish you were free to marry again?"
"No, just free!"

"Have you ever read 'To a Bumble Bee'?"
"No, how do you get them to listen?"



Posed by Norma Talmadge and Frederick Perry.

"Did you have a Mothers' Club meeting to-day?"
"How did you know?"
"My cigarette box is empty!"



Posed by Constance Talmadge and Norman Kerry.

Biography No. 3

Wallace Reid

WALLACE REID, son of Hal Reid, noted writer of melodrama, was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1892. His first appearance on the stage was at the age of four when he played the rôle of a little girl in "Slaves of Gold."

The Reid family moved to New York when Wallace was ten years old and there he attended public schools, later going to the New Jersey Military Academy at Freehold, N. J. In 1909 his family moved again, this time going to Wyoming, in the Big Basin district. There young Reid gained a broad experience working on a ranch, running a hotel and later working on the government survey of the Shoshone dam. After this he returned to New York and secured a job on the old *Newark Star* as a cub reporter.

Next he appeared in vaudeville in "The Girl and the Ranger," a sketch by his father. It was at the close of that season that he entered the motion picture industry in which he remained nine months, playing character leads in anything that came his way.

But tiring of this varied work he accepted a position on the editorial



Posed by Pauline Frederick and Edward Hearn.

"It's cold. You ought to put something on your chest."
"Well, I've powdered it three times!"

staff of the "Motor Life" and it was while acting in this capacity that he secured the motion picture rights to "The Confession" and sold it outright to a company with the provision that both he and his father appear in the production.

For eleven months he continued with this company, playing leads opposite Florence Turner and others. Later he went West where again he acted as general all-around man with one of the smaller companies, directing, acting, setting up cameras, or writing the script, as the occasion required. Just before joining the Famous Players-Lasky Company he was with D. W. Griffith in "The Birth of a Nation."

As a person with varied accomplishments it is safe to say that Wallace Reid has no equal on the screen. There is scarcely a musical instrument he cannot play from a Chinese fiddle to a church pipe organ.

Wallace Reid has gained his greatest popularity since joining Paramount pictures, some of the best known of which are "The Charm School," "Too Much Speed," "The Affairs of Anatol," "Forever," and "The World's Champion."



Posed by William Boyd and Paramount Players.

"Hey, waiter, this doughnut has a tack in it!"
"Well, well, the poor little thing probably thinks it's a tire!"



Photo by HESSER

Molly Malone

MOLLY MALONE was born on February 2, 1897, in Denver, Colorado. From her childhood, Molly was determined on two things—she would be an actress, and she would wear her hair so that it didn't get in her eyes when she grew up. She has fulfilled both ambitions.

Molly's father was a mining man, and his interests took him to different parts of the world. The result was that Molly received her education in such diverse places as Colorado, California, and South Africa.

She went into the movies in 1916 under Lasky, was with Harry Carey at Universal, and later with Robertson Cole. Then she went with Goldwyn to play the lead in Mary Roberts Rinehart's picture, "It's a Great Life," and stayed to play in six other pictures.



Constance Talmadge

AT the age of fourteen, little Constance left Erasmus Hall one day after school and hurried over to the old Vitagraph Studios to see her big sister, Norma, playing in the movies. If Constance was a good little girl, Norma would let her hook up her back. And then one day, in a pinch, a director needed an extra hand, and Connie was pressed into service. When old Mother Opportunity knocked, she found Connie half way through the door. and to anyone with Connie's ability one chance was enough. Griffith saw her, and to a man of Griffith's talent one look was plenty. Connie was cast for "Intolerance," and ever since then her fielding average has been well up over 1,000. The most delightful thing about her is that nobody else is doing her stuff, and there isn't any other stuff so pleasing.



Constance Talmadge Carver, Waite Park, Minn.

Film Fun's Prize Baby

Winners in the "Babies-Named-After-the-Movie-Stars" Contest



Constance Talmadge writes to Constance Talmadge Carver:
"I should like to wish this little Constance everything her little heart desires."

HAVING spent the night walking the floor with the Baby Contest, the Editors of FILM FUN have come to the conclusion that little Constance Talmadge Carver is entitled to First Prize. It has seemed a brutal thing to do, in view of the fact that we were confronted with so large and delightful a family of children, and like all fathers, we were loath to show a preference for one particular offspring. However, we are also aware of the fact that once a promise is made to a child it must be fulfilled, and we hope that the other little ones will not all begin to cry but run away like good little children and play.

(*See Miss Talmadge's letter on page 55*)



Pauline Curley Ginter, 1747 N. New Hampshire Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.



Viola Dana Haynes, 591 Exchange St., Memphis, Tenn.



Lila Lee Staib, 857 Crocket Pl., Memphis, Tenn.

THE babies having only part of a movie name and many that could not be reproduced were left out.



Constance Talmadge Coburn, 23 Wilson Pl., Belleville, N. J.



William Russell Jessop, 29 Bank St., Paterson, N. J.



Doris May Petee, 569 W. Main St., Alliance, Ohio



Dorothy Dalton, 457 W. 40th St., New York City.

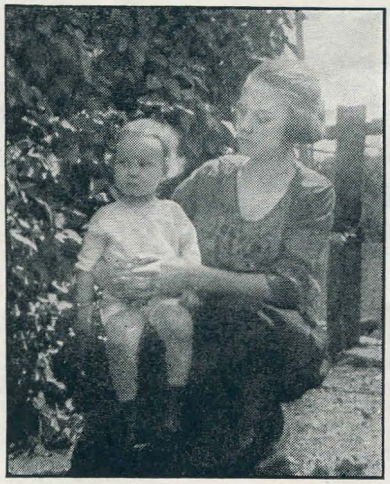


My dear Editor of FILM FUN:
My little boy is named after Earl Williams and my little girl is after Agnes Ayres. And if I had six more I would name them after Movie Stars.

Very truly yours,
MRS. GENEVIVE MITCHELL,
2028 N. 11th St., Phila., Pa.



Johnnie Walker Terranova, 32 Bowling Lane, Bradford, R. I.





Carmel Meyers Ahalt, 119 Ray St., Hagerstown, Md.



Wanda Hawley Heinrichs, 5016 Washington Blvd., Milwaukee, Wis.

A Page or Two from the Diary of John Henry, Jr.



Since so many bright stars of adult years have been sending to FILM FUN a more or less accurate transcript of their doings for a day, Little John Henry, Jr., the brightest baby of the Screen and a close reader of the log book of Little Benny, elects to send in his itinerary for a day, with some of his reflections on life and philosophy, morals and the nebular hypothesis.

6:30 A. M. I woke up. This wuzzent my ideer. It was my mothers.

6:40 A. M. I had to take a bath wich wuz annother of my mothers ideers.

6:59 A. M. I had my breckfist wich wuz my ideer and a pretty good of an ideer too. Breckfist is probberly one of the most important things there is wich there izzent annything in the hole werld to take its place ixcept lunch wich even then izzent lunch if you havvent had breckfist yet cause breckfist is allways the ferst meel you eet. What I like fer breckfist when I can git it, wich I havvent ever had yet all at the same breckfist is as follers:

mush with a hole lot uf shugger.

pancakes as menny as I can git with lots uf shugger or sirrup and butter.

Toste with marmmelade thick.

aigs enny stile a tall.

chocklit

coffeecake.

more pancakes.

7:30 A. M. Mother tells me its time to start for the studdio where I get pade for playing wich other kids do fer nutthing onley they dont have so good of a time onley they can stop playing enny time they want tu, and I cant do that becuz peeple have tu take muving pichures uf me wich other kids dont have tu get but I dont know why. I would rathur play at the studdio than enywheres eltz only but fur havving tu keep on playing when I don't want tu enny more. But mother says that its a pretty good uf an ideer becuz she puts munney fur me in the bank but I dont see wats the good uf that if you dont never take it out to spend it a tall. She says I can spend it when I grow up wich izzent a good uf a ideer cause when I grow up I betcher I have to werk.

8:30 A. M. On the sett with a lot uf funny people wich they play in a lets pretend game and a big man wich has a kind uf a horn in his hand and hollers thru it so loud that we could heer him if he dident have it, and he makes up the lets pretend wats it all about me being sipposed to be a littel boy from a forrin climb or Ittely or somwares. People come erround and all the wimmen ask me how old I am and say, aint that nice.

10:30 A. M. It aughtto be lunchtime wich Im the onley one that thinks so.

11:00 A. M. Thare's a big raft in the middle of a hole lot of watter in a tank bigger than a hole lot of bathtubs put tugether, and deeper. Wich i have tu lets pretend it is the oshean without eny bottom to it or eny sides. Wich jest then a lot of men jiggle the watter to show me how its goin to be on the raft and they put me on it wich is there ideer and I holler wats you doing and my mother says take him offen that raft cant yu see he scared wich then I stop crying and the big man with the horn he gits mad at my mother cause he didunt wunt me to stop crying wich he says I aughtoo do on account of being a babby on a raft in the oshean. Wich then I stop crying and wont pretend Im scared and then the big man says well its a pretty good of a close up enyways and letter go at that.

12:00 M. Wich jest then the whissel blows and everybuddy goes to eet ixcept me wich I have tu have all my clothes changed on account uf gettin onley my feet wet.

12:30 P. M. We eet lunch. My ideer about lunch is tu have plenty uf pie fur dissert and ice creem, and the big man with the horn only he leeves it somewheres eltz gets me a extra peece of pie wich my mother wont let him do if she noos about it but he says he used tu eet twict as mutch wen he was a boy wich certeny must of been a lot.

1:15 P. M. I have to lets pretend on that raft onct more wich id rather not do onley the big man says to my mother I betcher hees afrade of the watter he wont evver be a good swimmur like me wich I do like watter only ixcept in battubs, wich I tell him Ive got a dog that can swim bettur than he evver could and I get on the raft and they jiggle the watter and the mig man hollers thru the horn wats you doin cant you cry like you wuz scared or eltz youll ruin this hole seen, wich I do, meening I cry but not becauz Im scared.

2:00 P. M. We start for home jest wen I wuz havving a fine time with a other boy whose mother makes dressus for lets pretend peeple.

Pritty soon my mother sez I'll have tu go tu skool or eltz have a tootor wich I don't know wat that is, and on the way home she cuddled me and said I wuz a brave boy meening that I cried because the big man asked me tu wich I did.

Reticent

"To what do you attribute your unusual success in the moving picture business?" the inquisitive stranger asked.

"To my habit of not confiding its secrets to every Tom, Dick and Harry!" the tired business man replied.

"Doings for a Day"

A Page from My Diary

Dictated by MARY PICKFORD

Wednesday, January 10, 1922.

AROSE at seven, bathed, dressed and ate breakfast alone, for Douglas had gone to the studio early. Glanced through the newspaper, walked out on the porch, breathing deeply, then played for a moment on the front lawn with Zorro. He tore my sleeve and I gave him a good talking to. The morning was beautiful. The rain had washed all the dust out of the air and I could see Catalina Island, nearly fifty miles away, with the ocean sparkling around it. In the other direction, far beyond Los Angeles, loomed the magnificent snow-capped peak of Mt. San Bernardino. California is never more beautiful than after the rain. Before leaving for the office, I told Albert to be sure to call up the furniture company and tell them I would take the rugs.

Arrived at the office at eight-thirty. Enjoyed fully every moment of the five-mile ride. After a short conference with Mr. Kerrigan, during which he showed me the last reports from the United Artists on "Little Lord Fauntleroy," I went to my bungalow dressing-room. The rain had brought the flowers out in a new riot of beauty, and everything looked so crisp and clean. I could not help but make a mental note of the contrast between this and the frozen-up East.

At the bungalow, several members of the executive staff were waiting in the reception-room. Mrs. Crinley wanted advice on costumes she was designing for "Tess of the Storm Country"; Mr. Goosson had several sketches of sets to show me; Mr. Larkin was there with a newspaper correspondent from London who wanted an interview.

Bodamere quickly arranged my costume and insisted that I hurry, as they were waiting for me on the stage. Mrs. Cameron handed me six telegrams, all dealing with important business matters and demanding immediate answers; also twenty-six letters, some of which discussed personal matters, others purely business. All demanded immediate replies. Bodamere reminded me again that they were waiting for me on the stage. I glanced at my watch and noticed that it was nine o'clock. "Goodness," I thought, "time has wings this morning."

"Perhaps we had better answer the telegrams first," Mrs. Cameron suggested, notebook in hand.

Just then the telephone rang. It was the architect for Mother's house. As I took up the receiver, Bodamere answered a knock at the door.

"It's Oppie," she told me, "with the stills."

"But I must get my make-up on—they're waiting for me on the stage. We have three hundred extras to-day. Most of them are ten-dollar people."

"Mrs. Crinley says she simply must see you about the costumes," Bodamore put in timidly.

"And these telegrams," Mrs. Cameron reminded me.

"We'll do them as I make up," said I, noting that it was now fifteen minutes past nine.

Again we were interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Mr. Larkin wants to know if you will pose for just one picture for the London newspaper man before you go on the stage," Bodamere informed me. "He says Oppie has the camera all ready for you outside. And he wants to know if you will talk ten minutes to the correspondent."

"Tell him I'll try."

Just then the 'phone rang again. "It's Mr. Fairbanks," said Bodamere, "and he wants to know if you can come over to his studio for lunch and meet some important people."

"Tell him 'Yes,'" I answered, in the middle of the third telegram, at the same time trying to put the final touch to my left eyebrow.

"It's nine-thirty, Miss Pickford," from Bodamere.

"I'm afraid the letters must wait," I told Mrs. Cameron, and I knew from her expression that she had a pile of correspondence outside about which I had said the same thing the day before, and perhaps the day before that.

"Some I can answer myself," she said very sweetly, "but really, some of them I am afraid you will have to help me with."

"Tell Mrs. Crinley to come in, Bodamere," I said, as Mrs. Cameron went out.

Mrs. Crinley was scarcely seated

(*Continued on page* 56)



Mary and Douglas, having enjoyed the stares of many audiences, settle down to enjoy the stairs of their home.

THE CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE
At Last

THE editors of FILM FUN have noticed from time to time that the enjoyment of a picture is often marred by their inability to get to the theater at that precise moment that the picture starts. Being human they find it isn't possible to be on time. Editing a magazine has taught them little of punctuality. Time has been rolling on for so many years it has a faculty for rolling on that is positively disgraceful for so old a man. Time, being an old man, we feel that there is nothing to be gained in trying to teach him a new trick. That we believe to be entirely out of the question. However, the pleasure of seeing a picture from any point and understanding at once what it's all about is so important that we have put our heads together to construct a scenario that can be understood at no matter what point it is first seen. We feel that we have done it too. With this object in view we submit to you in the outer margin what we rather proudly consider the Perfect Scenario.

Start anywhere. Come any time. The threads of the story weave as you go along and never is the evening spoiled because you arrived late.

This invention or discovery will doubtless meet with universal approval, for though modest, we must admit it is a boom to all movie patrons. No more must the dinner dishes be cracked, chipped or broken in the mad haste to reach the movies in time; no more will father curse if the flivver is a little slow in starting. When you commence you begin! That's the secret. Start anywhere and read until bedtime.

The Hero realized that he must work quickly; he dashed up, dressed as a lowly camel-jockey, and entered. But so clever was his disguise that the Turk thought the Hero was the Esquimo whose pie he once stole, and so in the belief that the money would buy his safety he opened his burnose to reach his money belt. The Hero seized this opportunity and, jumping upon the Turk, wrapped him in the long robes and bound him securely. The Heroine was free at last, and as the setting sun kissed the softly dipping palms and the first jewel of heaven appeared in the eastern sky, the Beautiful Girl and the Handsome Hero embrace. "And now to get back to work," said the Stalwart Gent. Putting the clinging loveliness of the Heroine from him he prepared for their flight. Into the night and the darkness, aboard the fleetest camel of the fleet they go. "I'd walk a mile for this," he said, and a feminine, silvery, innocent laugh rewarded his silly sally.

The next morning they reached the breathing cliffs of Morocco. The Sphinx in the background smiled wisely upon them, and the dawn-sun lovingly gilded her tresses. They embarked in a sampan and, as they were leaving the old town behind them, a guttural, blood-curdling threat came skippity skippity across the water. It was the Turk again on their trail.

"If he reaches Boogooboo before us, we are lost." And, crowding on all sail, he urges the little sampan onward, ever and anon stopping his labors to kiss the dear, half-fairy, half-passionate woman beside him.

"What is that," she cried, pointing to the sky. "The fiend," answered the Hero. "He has chartered an airplane to Boogooboo, and all is lost unless—" and he dashes madly to the mizzen to crowd on more sail. But, as the airplane swept away into the mist, and, in the gathering darkness, was lost to view, a mocking laugh was borne to the valiant twain.

"Wake up, dear heart." 'Tis the brawny, lion-hearted American engineer, our Hero. The little girl who had lain asleep beside him in the cockpit of the cockleshell opened her lovely orbs to observe. But, ere the tender words trembling on his lips could be uttered, there was a grinding, heart-gripping sound. "We are aground," he said. "That fiend has destroyed the dam at Boogooboo and drained the river. The water is gone, and we must get out and walk.

"Damn," she swore.

"Yes, at Boogooboo," he gently repeated. Delicately she stepped out, placing her high-heeled slipper daintily upon the hard, white sand.

Taking only the barest necessities with them, they started arm in arm across the shelving beach to the mesa beyond. The whip-poor-wills sang overhead and, were it not for the dread terror of the fiend whose black heart plotted their doom, the love-song, bubbling at their lips, would have allayed the horrible forebodings which depressed them.

While the Girl was tripping along, singing as was her simple wont, snatches from Schehere-zade, a long cobra moved his slimy, scaly length with venomous and sinister silence. Our Hero saw the danger too late. The snake struck before he could dodge the cruel stroke, and as the deathly poison coursed his veins he knew that he must, in this new emergency, risk all that he loved best. Turning, he dashed back to the ship. The Girl walked on lost in maidenly dreams, unaware she was alone, until a dune in the ever-shifting sand hid her from sight.

A jab into his quivering flesh and the application of a bandage made from the flying jib of the staunch little craft saved the Hero's life, but he knew he must rest a while before trying to overtake his Fair Partner. "Alas, too late!" Our Hero, dragging his injured leg, reached the crest of the dune only in time to see the Turk, with Turkish delight, riding away into the desert with the Priceless Treasure, the Innocent Girl.

Bereft of his senses at the cruel, crowding thoughts, the desperate man dumbly stares fixedly, an empty shell of a man. A scouting party finding him thus, takes pity upon him. His health and strength come back into his manly form. The Rich Old Man grows as fond of him as though he were his own son. With returning health, his memory slowly returned and his engineering skill reasserted, the old man puts him in charge of the massive bridge which will span with its far-flung reaches dragged the Girl inside.

As a lurid sky, portent of evil, balefully hung over the desert, the Villain pitched his tent and on his pogo stick.

But without misgiving, knowing that his reputation would also crash into the gorge below, he pulled the coupling pin and the bridge fell. The Turk could not escape. The infuriated savage dashed back and into the desert again. The Hero realized that his life's labor—the bridge—was ruined, and believing that the Heroine was not, he pursued

The Villain Turk, more closely in his tenacle-like arms held the struggling Girl, and as our Hero would halt him and ask the question throbbing in his heart, "Is it she? Is it she?" the Turk lashes his equine brute into a furious gallop, and onto the bridge he dashed to seek escape from the virtuous indignation which flashed from the eyes of the Hero.

ness.

ing at his benumbed consciousmemories which, during the past two days, had been knockbreeze, awoke within him the which, like a fresh northland of the sun upon the fair hair was something about the glare market," he mused, but there returning from the marriage protesting girl. "Some Sheik, mind, until the next day, glancing across the parting sands he sees a figure, mounted on a fine Arabic steed, and in his arms a like a specter at the door of his son for the sorrow which visits never quite can he recall the rethe brawling stream below. But

LIGHTING is one of the most important elements in the making of a good picture and our producers had better watch their step or their foreign rivals will outdistance them completely. The pictures shown on this page are wonderful examples of the study of lighting, and were made in Sweden by the Swedish Biograph Co. In Sweden they have only four months during the year in which the sun shines and during that time they work eighteen hours a day. The Swedish pictures have a peculiar luminosity which we do not seem able to obtain in this country and it is probably due to the intense brightness of the sun.

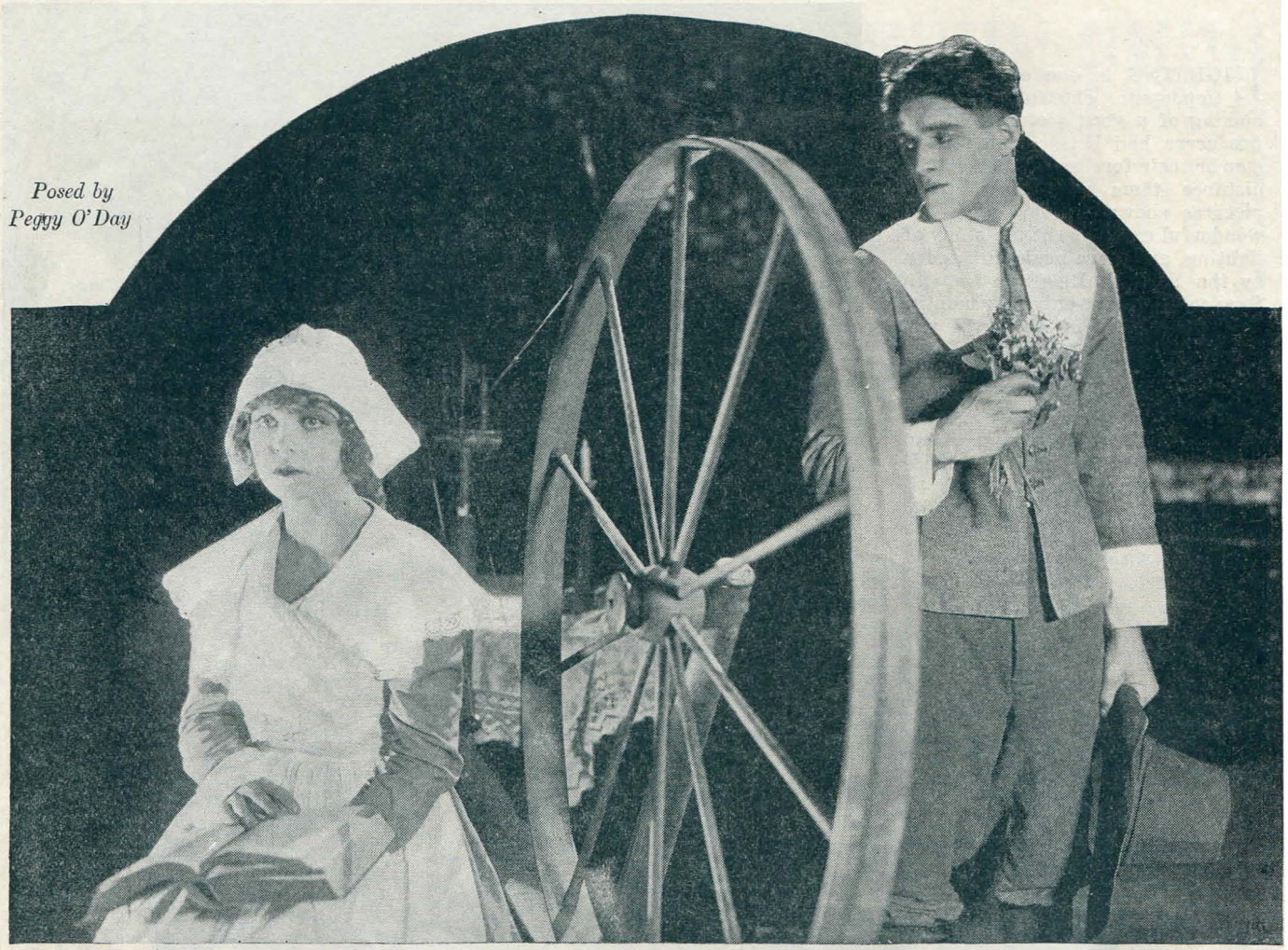






Their directors, too, make a great study of composition and some of the stills are absolute reproductions of famous paintings hanging in the European galleries. The picture at the top is a good example of this. It is taken from "Synovia of Sundown Hill." The picture in the oval is from "The Dawn of Love," and shows what wonderful interior lighting effects they achieve. The bottom picture is from a Swedish comedy, "A Gay Knight." Gosta Ekman, at the right is the Wally Reid of Sweden.

Posed by
Peggy O'Day





Doris May

Pilgrim's Progress

By NORMAN ANTHONY

In those old days 'round Plymouth town
The maidens were outlandish,
Their vampish ways won them renown
Just look at poor Miles Standish;
Priscilla lured the poor boob on
And when his friend came wooing,
She cried, "Speak for yourself, dear John!"
So it was his undoing.

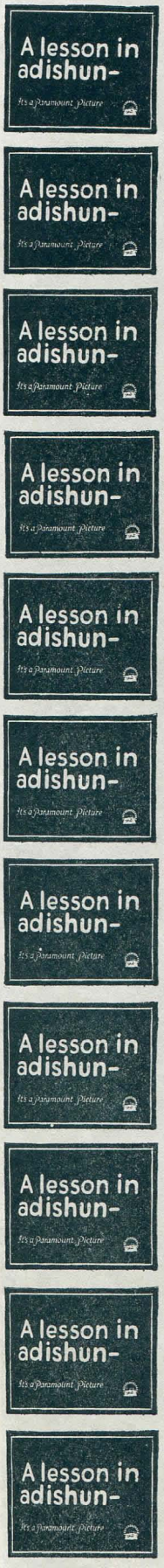
But nowadays it's even worse
With flappers and goloshes,
They dance and smoke and sometimes curse
And even go on "soshes";
The modern woman wears the "pants,"
Poor man is on the shelf.
He hasn't even got a chance
To speak up for himself.





Doris May

Film Fun's Sub-title Contest





Lila Lee and T. Roy Barnes.

"A lesson in adishun-"

The Winning Sub-Title

Submitted by Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russelville, Tenn.

JAMES CRUZE, Frank Woods and Lila Lee, the judges who decided the winning sub-title for the above still from "Is Matrimony a Failure?" were a long time in coming to a decision, but finally choose "A lesson in adishun" as being the best, and the strip of film is reproduced at the left.

There were many good sub-titles submitted, some of them being very clever but had to be rejected on account of the continuity of the story. Among some of the best we received were—

"Discussion of China before the Arms Conference."

"When hubby muffs on the home plate, manager wife bawls him out."

"Putting it straight over the plate."

"Let's begin with a clean plate."

"Put on your apron, you're in for the night!"

Harold Lloyd *In* Grand-ma's Boy

Here's the Film Review it Yourself!

(*See page 46 for the story.*)









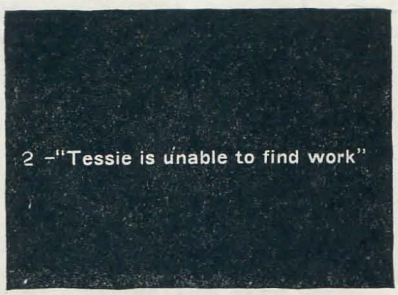


Camera! Shoot!

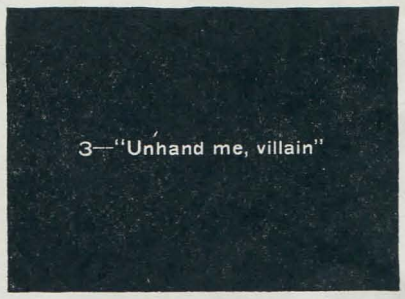
HERE you are, film folks! A brand new contest at last! Here's a chance to form your own Moving Picture Company and take your own pictures! And incidentally win FILM FUN's prize of $10 for the best set of snapshot "stills." All you need is a heeroine, a heero, a villyun, and a director and camera man! Get out your trusty camera, gather all your friends together and illustrate each of these sub-titles shown below. They make a complete scenario and you can "emote" to your heart's content! Got a roll of film in your camera? All right, let's go! Take a look at this first sub-title!



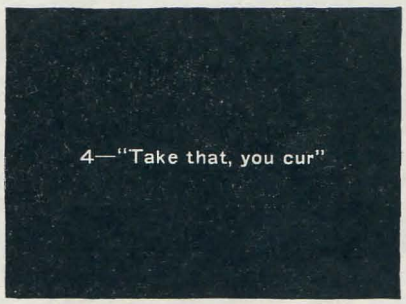
What a chance for a picture! Can't you just see the shy maiden passing the manly hero, while they gaze into each other's eyes registering "love"! Oh, boy! Here's a chance to show your best girl what a piker Valentino is! All right, turn your film to Number 2 and get ready for the next one. The plot thickens!



Poor Tessie! Just imagine her sitting on a park bench, or a curbstone, with a newspaper, opened at the want ads, clutched in her hands and a despairing expression in her eyes. What a chance for a close-up and a knock 'em dead register! But wait! The villyun enters! He walks right up to Tessie and grabs her by the left finger! They wrastle! I mean wrestle! Sub-title!

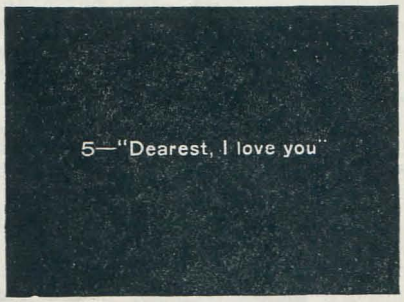


See that picture? Imagine the scorn on Tessie's face as she tries to tear herself from the foul embraces of the villyun! See the sneering expression on the blackguard's face! But, hark! The footsteps of the heero are heard approaching! He and the "heavy" meet in mortal combat! They struggle! The villyun has a knife! Sub-title!



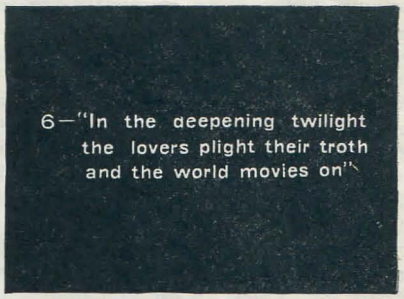
Isn't that hot stuff? The heeroine faints and the disheveled hero catches her in his loving arms and gazes down into her face. Get this!

Their eyes meet with loving glances, and he murmurs tenderly in her ear those wonderful words! Not "Take that, you cur!" but the next one! There's an opportunity of a life time, fellers! Hold your best girl in your arms and tell her how much you love her!



Watch for the next one! Practice this many times before taking the snap! The girl won't mind! Here's the final fade-out and you know how they always end!

If you live near the water you can have them standing hand in hand looking out over the horizon and—oh, you know how to do it all right!



Isn't that a great ending! Just see the lovers in each other's arms, their lips meeting in love's first kiss! Hot dog! There you have it, folks! Go to it and send in six humdingers! You may win the $10 and you'll have a lot of fun too! The winning pictures will be published in the July FILM FUN, and we will also pay for any others we print. If you are bashful about showing your face to the public eye disguise it and it will be all the more fun. Camera! Shoot!

All photographs must be received before May 1st.

In the event of two or more persons submitting pictures of equal merit each will receive the prize offered.

Permission to reproduce photographs, signed by the actors in the pictures, must accompany the stills.

Address Movie Still Editor, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C.

Film Fun's New Romance Contest

The Editors of FILM FUN, *after careful consideration of the many letters received in response to their New Romance Contest, have awarded the prize to Mrs. Bernice McDaniel of Greenville, Miss.*

Romancing in Adventure

(First Prize)

By Mrs. Bernice McDaniel

I WAS a working girl, whose only diversion was taking in the moving pictures, for romance and adventure, when my off-duty hours, and pocketbook allowed. Moving picture shows had awakened a romantic and adventuresome spirit in me. Always seeking in real flesh the ideal of my desires. Always comparing each to the other with the minuteness of close observance, as to faults and defaults in dress and manners.

Always on the lookout for a handsome, clever personage who would come up to the standards I had set through the mediums of motion picture actors. Several of my handsome well-to-do business acquaintances had flirted with me beneath the darkened lights, but their actions were never permissible to me, or were ever sanctioned. None of them had made me feel the spirit of adventure and romance, for which I was seeking. But one night, after two weeks of seeing special shows for a "Theater Anniversary," my spirits did leap and soar in adventure, when a neatly-dressed gentleman, in a business suit, did decide to take the seat next to me, although there could have been left a vacant one between us, but he did not see it so. After depositing his hat and once comfortably seated next to me (which I liked), he quite instantly took possession of my hand, which was upon the arm of my seat. Cool possessiveness was in his tender touch, and I neither made a scene or drew away my fingers. I did feel somewhat insulted at his manners, but I couldn't bring myself to wrench my hand away from such sweet captivity. Anyway, I argued to myself, I had no apartment or home in which to entertain a gentleman, or gentlemen, so, why not a little harmless flirting here in the darkened "theater," which would never go any farther? I felt I could trust this man, by his clear-cut profile. I had a way of judging by intuition, as business had taught me this.

After some minutes of looking toward the picture, and giving people the impression I was expecting him, he spoke in whispers:

"Don't be frightened, little girl. I've watched you enter this theater every day for almost two weeks, seeking adventure, romance, and first of all to be understood."



Warner Baxter and Ethel Clayton in a domestic scene from "Her Own Money."

I listened to his every word. It was true, the things I was seeking, as others seek these things. I wiggled my fingers helplessly, but he took it for an answer.

"I'm like that too, little girl," he again whispered, and nodded toward Wallace Reid, the misunderstood, in the "Affairs of Anatol." Again I wiggled my fingers, my blood racing through my veins at terrific speed—a something that had never happened before.

"All for my very own I want you," this was whispered appealing, while his cool, possessive hands caressed my trembling one. Straightway he turned his handsome head and his soft eyes, with their tender appeal, won a whisper to his answer.

"You sure, Mr. Snell, you want me," I answered, looking again at the picture. I could feel his surprise at my remembrance of the time, the hour, the fervent kiss upon my hand, some two fleeting years past, when I had been introduced at a masked ball.

"Positive," he whisperingly replied, keeping his curiosity as to my knowledge of him. "I'm going to do you like that," he said, nodding toward Wally and Gloria kissing, "because I've known you a million years in the last two weeks, watching you." I laughed joyously, silently.

"Then you will be my very own, Miss Arvale," he repeated. I nodded affirmatively. We settled down to await the outcome of Anatol and forgiveness by Gloria. When he again replaced her wedding ring and solitaire I also received a shock, for Joseph Snell had come prepared to adventure himself in loveland with me. The thought was thrilling when I looked and beheld a single solitaire.

"We get the other shortly, dear, the little round one," he said possessive-like. "Because we're leaving for Chicago at two o'clock sharp, on our honeymoon."

Was I dreaming. I believed I'd awake after the show. But I did not. From the show to a jewelry shop, then to a minister in a taxi. Marriage. Then to "a bite to eat to brace me," he said. Then to pack and reach the two o'clock train, all this since ten o'clock. "Shake me, Joseph," I said, shylike, "I'm yet dreaming."

"Not enough but that you've not called your *former* boss yet, dear, to tell him you've taken on another."

I'm sure the boss thought it was all a dream. Anyway, I was away to Chicago on a honeymoon bridal tour, when several hours ago I was expecting no such adventure in romancing. But I'm ecstatically happy in my adventure so far.

Does Romance on the Screen Inspire Love-Making?

(Second Prize)

By Mrs. Donald E. Smith

ROMANCE on the screen *does* inspire love-making. And you can *not* make love through a Scenic, Educational or Pathé Weekly.

And romance on the screen does something else, too. It keeps "Romance alive in human hearts and everyday life." But let me explain:

Before I was married my husband and I went to the movies. The comedies, etc., were simply endured. We were waiting for something that made you think and feel, and brought into play human emotions. In other words, the feature.

And this is what we preferred: a good, wholesome love story; a story of American love and American people, taken in God's own country. Not the "smutty, suggestive stuff," that comes from foreign lands. It does not appeal to young hearts, because it is not the kind of love we are used to.

And when we saw love-making on the screen, my sweetheart did not

speak with his lips, he simply laid his hand on mine, and held it real tight, which called special attention to what was being enacted before us, and which meant, "All that he is saying I mean for you, and more besides."

And now after five years of married life our romance is still kept alive in the same manner. Only a trifle different, for when we see a married couple on the verge of separating, and we see them brought together again by a dear little boy in his "nighties," can we help but think of our own little ones. And once again I feel the same hand close on mine, and this time it means, "Could *we* separate and go our different ways with this bond of love between us?"

And so in the beginning, romance on the screen inspires love-making. And afterwards, "It keeps that same romance alive in our hearts."

Love-making in the Movies

(Third Prize)

By Mrs. Blanche Bennett

LIKE every other girl, I had always dreamed of being proposed to by a handsome man with all the garnishments of love—moonlight, soft music, exotic flowers, rippling waters, and sympathetic natural surroundings. But, alas, I soon came to realize that people in ordinary circumstances are destined to see very little real romance, compelled as they are to be practical and economical in everything. Then Jim came. He didn't impress me very well, probably because I had a mean way of greatly overestimating myself and of disparaging others. We spent most of our evenings either walking or dancing. It didn't take us long to discover that all the nice walks and parks were crowded with blue law adherents to whom holding anyone else's hand but your own was a heinous crime, and with rude small boys whose ignorance was displayed in annoying remarks.

I have never been much of a movie fan, perhaps because the neighborhood picture house specialized in Wild West massacres, which bored me to death after the first few hundred men had been shot dead in their tracks. However, we began to frequent the larger movie theaters which offered only the best. The love scenes were magnificent. My heartless attitude toward the man at my side began to change. Jim was the hero. I was the heroine. Side by side we fought against overwhelming odds — underwent incredible adventure—traversed primeval forests—mocked at dizzy mountain heights—and in hairbreath moments I felt Jim's reassuring pressure on my arm, and I leaned toward him, glad that he was there. To him I was the beautiful heroine. To me he was the intrepid, sturdy hero. Unconsciously we materialized in each other the noble emotions portrayed on the screen. Here was the perfect place to love. I discovered many good qualities in Jim which I had quite overlooked and found myself correcting mean little faults of my own. Both of us drifted into the realization that our tastes were in perfect harmony. I began to look forward to our movie nights most eagerly, and thrilled with the glory of it all when we left prosaic reality behind and strayed on the wings of soft music into a wondrous land of enchantment. And so—just as any couple can do—Jim and I made love to each other in sunny Spain, in mystic India, in gay France, beneath the Pyramids, on the blue Mediterranean —as romantic a wooing as the greatest wealth could afford. Thanks to the movies! And, of course, our marriage was the climax to our own little movie.



We don't know whether this is a bathing suit or a suit of pajamas, but we're sure it's Bebe Daniels!

New Romance

(Fourth Prize)

By P. B. Johnson

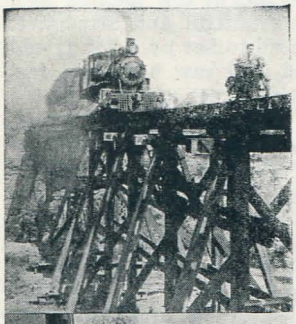
AS far back as I can remember, I've always been bashful when girls are concerned. With men it's different. Somehow or another I always seem to fit in, no matter what the conversation is, or circumstances. But girls! Never. They seem to me creatures entirely apart from men. Try as hard as I may, and with reading all the books on courtship ever published, I have been unable to break myself of the habit. (Curse is the proper name for it.)

I am in love with a girl named Josie, whom I just met a few months ago. She is very beautiful and attractive. Was introduced to her by a boy friend of mine, and as I saw her quite frequently on the street afterwards, the more I saw of her the more I fell in love with her. But I could never get beyond the stage of raising my hat and saying, "Good evening," or "Good morning," as the case would be. When I would see her coming down the street toward me I would make up my mind that I would say something nice to her, and thus begin a conversation. But the nearer we approached the more my courage began to ooze, and it would finally end in my raising my hat and passing the proverbial time of day. I realized this could not go on forever, so I resolved to take the bull by the horns and ring her up and ask for an engagement. It would be a cinch to talk to her over the 'phone, compared to talking in her presence. She said, "She would be glad to have me call."

The great day finally arrived, and on my way to her home I mentally rehearsed what she was going to say and what I would say in return. But it did not pan out as I had anticipated. All the nice sayings I had memorized did not seem to fit in the conversation, and before I knew it I realized I was lost. It was fierce. All I can remember, was saying, "Yes," or "No." She did all the talking. When I left it was with the resolve that she would never see my face again. I met the friend that introduced us the next day and told him all about it. "You boob," he said. "Why didn't you take her to the movies? You don't have to talk there." That was it, the movies. Why hadn't I thought of it before? So I forgot all about my resolution and made another engagement with Josie to take her to the movies.

It was a sweet love story, with a thrilling love scene, during which I mentally lived the part of the hero and wishing that Josie was the heroine. When the scene was over I found my hand holding Josie's, and as she did not seem to realize it, I did not move mine. It was a grand feeling. On the way home I made another engagement to take her to the movies two nights later. Since then we have been five times, and last night during another love scene, I found my arm around her. How it got there I do not know and don't care. But, wonder of wonders, she did not seem to mind! It was Heaven.

My bashfulness is still with me, and no doubt, always will be to a certain extent. But if the movies can help and advance me in love-making like it has in the past few weeks, I intend to go to them with Josie at every opportunity, until I get the nerve or courage to ask Josie to become my wife, and I can only hope and pray that her answer will be "Yes."



1



2



3

Film Fun's Orchestra Leader Contest

Awarded to

Mrs. A. P. Jones
3157A Brantner Place
St. Louis, Mo.

The following music has been selected as the best. No. 1 to be played as picture No. 1 comes on the screen, No. 2 for picture No. 2, and so on:

1—Casey Jones.

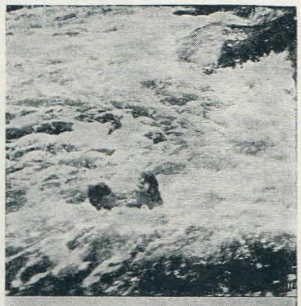
2—Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by.

3—I Am Always Building Castles in the Air.

4—What Are the Wild Waves Saying?

5—Let the Rest of the World Go By.

6—In the Old, Sweet Way.



4



5



6



Posed by Lois Weber.

We have never thought that the art of motion picture acting is at all difficult, but when we see a pose like the above and realize that some one is getting money for acting lazy, we just naturally get sore.



Katherine Spencer has a feather in her cap and she is the feather in the cap of R. C. pictures. Miss Spencer is appearing in "At the Stage Door," and we'll bet there will be a long line of Johnnies!



Hot dog! Somebody's going to get a pair of new shoes! The movies must be a "snap" for Mona Kingsley and this certainly is a "natural" pose!

Film Fun's New Game



10



15

SHOOTING



15



50



10

STARS

10



25



Hit the Stars!

Here's a game to test your pitching ability! Place this copy of FILM FUN open on the table, stand a few feet away and toss pennies on to the star. Each person (any number may play) gets ten turns and the one with the highest score wins. The player is entitled to the count if the penny even touches the picture.



As Bertram Hartman sees "Saturday Night" at the Rivoli Theater.

FILM FUN

DOUGLAS H. COOKE, ELIOT KEEN, *Editors*

COMEDY *vs.* DRAMA

"IT is only the business of being funny which sets producers and actors to thinking." We quote from Heywood Broun in *Judge*.

Is it because we are a pleasure-loving people, incapable of serious thought? Are we all Tired Business Men? Is there no public for the serious drama, or is it that the story-tellers are lacking in invention? Is there nothing in life but comedy on the one hand and the infernal triangle on the other? Must we either laugh or be bored to death with the same old jaded story told in the same old way? Is there no intermediary course? Must we chortle with Chaplin, Keaton and his cohorts or stay at home? Are we incapable of writing serious drama or is it that we don't want to see it?



Robert James Malone is impressed by Louise Fazenda

And the answer, as we see it, is: Let the story-tellers weave for us a serious story as absorbing as "Easy Street," and Chaplin will have to look to his inventions. Let them write us a picture as gripping as "The Boat" and Keaton will have to go himself one better. But just so long as the serious story gives us nothing more inventive than the stupidity of the triangle, Chaplin and Keaton, nonsense and hearty laughter will crowd the theaters. And that's one of the reasons why FILM FUN stands for comedy—the other reasons are legion, but principally among them is the conviction that laughter is wholesome sport and may be depended upon to keep us off thin ice. The reason why we don't care for thin ice is because it won't even hold up the light-minded and we are hopeful that so fine an institution as the screen may endure, which it wouldn't if it were not supplied with healthy, wholesome food.

WHAT do you get out of the movies?

Only what you put into them.

The little ones get what they bring in with them—the spirit of merriment. The business man gets business stories. The picture always resolves itself into a business theme for him. The trials of the lovers are only commercial to him. That's the way he sees romance. The old maid who brings a disappointed heart to the theater takes one away with her. We get only what we bring with us. In this, the screen is a true reflection of life.

GEORGE MITCHELL.



Sketch made from life of Viola Dana by Norman Anthony at the Biltmore Hotel. Viola is touring the country for Metro.



If you want real scenery you've got to go to it; it has a way of refusing to come to you.

Walter Prichard Eaton *on being a* Movie Actor *for a* Scenic

I HAVE been a movie actor for a month. As a result, I am ready to tackle anything from the Matterhorn to Jack Dempsey. Fred H. Kiser, of the Kiser Studios, Portland, Oregon, asked my wife and me if we wouldn't like to take a trip with him through the high Cascades of Oregon, while he made a scenic motion picture. Naturally we said we'd be tickled to death to go. Little did we know how close to the truth our phrase was! There are some photographers, I am afraid, who make scenic movies where the scenery is easily gotten at—from the seat of a motor, the rear platform of a train, the deck of a boat, or even a rocking chair on the front porch. But Kiser isn't that kind of a photographer, and never was. He has been taking "stills" of our western mountain scenery for many years, and has carried his old King camera to the tops of more mountains and worse precipices than almost any other man in America has scaled. He is the "official" photographer both of Glacier and Crater Lake National Parks, for instance. Consequently, when he set out to make a movie of the mountain scenery of Oregon, he abandoned hotel porches, he abandoned hotels, he struck right out for the middle of the scenery—or the top of it.

We went with him, and since scenery itself doesn't move much (except when half an acre of snow or lava gives way under you when you're climbing in the Cascades), it was up to us to furnish the motion. We had to scramble in between the camera and the view, if only to show that it is possible for somebody else to go where Kiser took his camera. Douglas Fairbanks has something of a reputation as an athlete, I believe. But he enjoys a life of elegant leisure, of sybaritic luxury, compared with an "actor" for a Kiser scenic!

When we got to Crater Lake, early in July, there was so much snow that the trail down to the water was not open. It is 1,100 feet from the rim to the water, and the angle of descent is about fifty degrees. Kiser, who is over six feet tall and weighs a hundred and ninety pounds, slung his camera in a pack on his back, produced an alpine rope, and proceeded to precipitate us more or less headlong down that thousand feet of snow. Then we rowed three miles to Wizard Island, a cone of volcanic cinders rising 800 feet in the middle of the lake. We climbed this cone, and found one side of the eighty-foot-deep crater on top still banked with a big, steep drift.

Kiser mounted his camera beside this drift.

"Now get out there and slide down!" he ordered.

So we slid to the bottom of the crater, while he cranked. He kept on cranking while we struggled to get back again.

That, however, was a mild first act, or prologue. The next day he sent us up Mount Garfield, which to be sure is an easy mountain only 8,000 feet high, but which had at this time a huge snow cap which overhung the north wall like the eaves of a house. Setting up his camera below this peak, Kiser ordered us to go on up to the top, and walk along the edge of the overhang, so he could "shoot" us against the sky! It was all very well to be shot against the sky, but there was no guarantee, so far as we could detect, that we might not be shot collapsing with the snow cornice and falling two hundred feet to the rocks below. There was nothing to do, however, save to obey orders.

Not long after this we were all mounted on horses, with a string of pack animals bearing food and tents and cameras, and out we started over rough forest ranger trails, through the virgin forest and up the sides of mountains and cañons, bound for the very heart of the Cascade wilderness and putting civilization farther behind us with every step. Galloping on horseback for an hour or two in front of the camera is one thing; plugging all day, hour after hour, over roots and rocks and fallen trees, through scrub and thicket, up cañon walls, across foaming mountain streams, is something else again. One is a game, the other is a grind. But, as Kiser says, maybe you can build Roman temples, but you can't build snow mountains. If you want real scenery, you've got to go to it; it has a way of refusing to come to you.

The particular bit of scenery he wanted just then was Mount Jefferson, a superb snow peak 10,500 feet high, and he wanted to camp in Hunt's Cove, a deep cañon-like ravine directly under the flank of the mountain. When, after two or three days of travel, we finally reached the wall of Hunt's Cove, we found that there was still six to ten feet of snow in the woods, completely obliterating the trail down. As the side wall is 800 feet high, and at least forty-five degrees steep, it looked to the rest of us like a rather hopeless situation, but Kiser grinned a broad grin, and said "Fine!"

"What do you mean, fine?" we demanded.

He said nothing, but anchored one of the pack horses so it couldn't slide over the edge, and began to unpack the camera.

Just below us was a long, straight chute of snow, looking much like a big toboggan slide cut down through the trees to the bottom of the cañon. Kiser scrambled down this a way with his camera, and set up on the side. "Now," he yelled up at us, "get off your horses and lead 'em down this chute past me. Keep out from under their hoofs, and let's have plenty of action."

Plenty of action! That's his idea of a joke. We got off our horses, coaxed and dragged 'em to the top of the chute, and started off, one by one. After the first step, believe me there was action enough to satisfy any director who ever lived! You slid ten feet at a step. The horse slid twenty feet at a step, in at least two directions, and one of them always toward you. Between trying to leap out of the way of the horse's hoofs, and trying to keep your balance on the slippery chute of snow, and trying not to go so fast that you pitched headlong, and trying to go fast enough to keep out of the way of the man and horse behind, we all put in about the liveliest five minutes of our lives. We had one regular movie actor in the troupe —not a mere amateur like the rest of us. As he got opposite the grinding camera, he endeavored to practice his art consciously—that is, he tried to do a calculated fall. Some fifty feet lower down the slope the loose snow banked up in front of his face enough to stop him, and he got on his feet again.

While we were counting our bones at the bottom of the cañon, Kiser arrived with the camera and tripod over his shoulder.

"That was fairly lively," he said. "We ought to have rehearsed it, though. Bennie didn't do his fall quick enough."

Bennie gave him a dark look that certainly would have registered!

I have to take off my hat to Mount Jefferson. It was the only thing in Oregon big enough and steep enough to discourage Kiser from carrying his sixty pounds of camera and tripod to the top. All he took up Jefferson was a "still." However, as Jefferson is the second hardest alpine climb in the United States, and you have to go roped and cut nearly every step in the snow with an ax, and if the camera fell it would fall 5,000 feet, maybe the public, who think taking scenic pictures is an easy and pleasant pastime, will forgive him. As I was one of the five people on the rope, suspended over eternity, I was certainly quite willing to. We had baggage enough, thank you.

Kiser had one great regret on our trip. Coming out of Hunt's Cove a few days later, and descending the east wall of the Cascade Divide, on a long, steep snowdrift, one of the pack horses slipped, fell, and turned three complete somersaults before he landed in a snow bank at the bottom. And he didn't tell anybody when he was going to do it, so the camera wasn't set up! Kiser quite lost his temper at that horse for being so secretive. In fact, he would have made the poor nag go back and do it all over again—only the nag wouldn't go. It just stood in the snow bank, its pack knocked lopsided, its eyes blinking, its legs trembling, and refused to budge either way at first. After a time, it yielded to persuasion to go down hill, but toward that drift it would not go again.



To get one picture of a waterfall we had to lower the camera by a rope down a forty-foot cliff, and then slide down on the rope ourselves.

I do not want to seem to imply that Kiser was having all the fun on this trip, and the rest of us were having all the work. As a matter of fact, of course, the rest of us were really having the time of our lives, being, all of us, outdoor people, used to a rough life, camp fare, and hard work. Kiser, on the other hand, had all the responsibility of managing the party and guilding a string of seventeen horses through a mountain wilderness—in itself no small task, of caring for his cameras, of discovering locations and staging his pictures, and, above all, he had the tremendous task of carrying a heavy motion picture camera on his back up mountains and precipices, a task which few men would care to tackle. To get one picture of a waterfall, we had to lower the camera by a rope down a forty foot cliff, and then slide down on the rope ourselves.

The ordinary patron of the movies, who sits in a comfortable theater and watches a scenic film unrolled on the screen, a film showing mountains, especially, little understands the toil that picture may very likely represent, the tremendous amount of physical energy and physical endurance required to take it. The spectator may think of this actor or that, in the dramatic films, as an athlete, as performing difficult feats of skill, as working hard to make a picture. The real scenic photographer, however, the kind like Kiser, has to be the most strenuous of all athletes, a mountaineer, and he has to maintain his feats sometimes for days.

Well, I've been out a month with a scenic photographer now, and I know what it means. If I ever become a movie actor for keeps, I'm going in for society plays on Long Island, or Wild West cow punching, or leaping from express trains, or something mild like that. Being an actor in a Kiser scenic is too hard work for a steady diet.

FILM FLAWS



This Department is for FILM FUN'S READERS. Haven't you seen some durn fool mistakes in the movies lately for which some Director, Author or Actor ought to be shot at sunrise? Shoot it in and it will be printed on this page to help rid the screen of FILM FLAWS

This Month's Prize Film Flaw

Not a Leg to Stand On

IN GRIFFITH'S "MARTYRS OF THE ALAMO"—GENERAL SANTA ANNA STRIDES ABOUT ON TWO PERFECTLY GOOD LEGS THOUGH HIS WOODEN LEG HAS BEEN AS FAMOUS IN SONG AND STORY AS THAT OF PETER STUYVESANT.

Five dollars has been awarded to Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

The Wild West!

In the "Buck" Jones picture, "Pardon My Nerves," the picture starts out with: "A story of the old-time West, when men used horses instead of flivvers, fists instead of lawsuits and posses instead of traffic cops."

But later in the picture is shown a close-up of a bill-of-sale with the date "June 10, 1922."—Clyde Edmondson, Perry, Ia.

Where are the Jewels?

In Cecil De Mille's picture "Saturday Night," Shamrock, played by Edith Roberts, runs off with her chauffeur (Jack Mower) during the course of a Hallowe'en frolic to Coney Island, carrying with her a trinket taken from the party. On arriving they take a ride on the Ferris wheel, but just as they arrive at the top they feel a sudden jerk, the trinket falls out of Shamrock's hand to the ground and they are forced to stay at the top until the machinery is fixed. But lo and behold, in the next scene she again has the trinket. —Jack A. Huepper, Milwaukee, Wis.

Dry Humor

In "A Sailor Made Man," Harold Lloyd plays hide and seek in a swimming pool and then escapes with the beautiful maid, his sailor suit as dry as a bone, and looking as if it just came out of the Army and Navy store.—F. T. Peterson, Santa Monica, Cal.

A Hairbreadth Escape

In the picture "The Silent Call," Betty goes to bed with her hair down and gets up when the villain enters the cabin with it all combed up nice. Maybe she expected him.—Mrs. J. H. Johnson, 15 West Street, New London, Conn.

Another Hat Trick

In "White Oak"—the heroine jumps from the boat into the river and her hat floats away. But when she is rescued, her hat is on her head, neat as a pin. When did she do it?—Mrs. R. B. H.

Maybe it was a Second Nickel!

In "A Prince There Was," Arthur Hull enters a public booth to call up Mildred Harris. Sylvia Ashton answers the telephone and says "hello." The next scene shows Arthur Hull dropping a nickel in the slot. Is that a new system of telephoning?—Isabelle Levy, 120 East 97th Street, New York City.

Taking His Medicine

In "Disraeli," George Arliss, in the title rôle, is about to receive a visitor. He pretends illness and unwraps a bottle of medicine. Close-up shows the bottle still wrapped, full picture shows it unwrapped, and another close-up shows it wrapped up again. How be it?—M. Tait Douglas.

A Close Shave

In "Molly O," when the irate father came to settle things with the hero, Jack Mulhall's face was covered with lather. When the fight was over his face was without a trace of lather. Just when did he finish shaving, or wash his face?—Edna Bradford, 117 North Spring Street, Pensacola, Fla.

Getting His Number

In "The Ruling Passion," featuring George Arliss, I want to call your attention to the individual who drives the nifty high-powered sport model auto equipped with an "Alden" engine, and showing license plate number O68177.

Since this dude displays knickers and sport hose, he should know that for only $10 a year additional the State would supply him with a regular number plate not bearing the figure O at the beginning, which is exclusively for taxis and omnibuses.—Lawrence Weisburg, 14 Lewis Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Real Miracle of Manhattan

In the photoplay "A Miracle of Manhattan," notwithstanding the fact that the action of the picture takes place in 1921 as is clearly shown by a calendar to which the heroine refers in several close-up scenes, we see the men and women in the café scenes drinking whisky, etc., as freely as if it were pre-prohibition times, and the café has a bar and everything. —Jacob Schwartz, 1206 2d North Street, Vicksburg, Miss.

The Hat Trick

In "Three Live Ghosts," Norman Kerry, as Billy Foster, struggles with a man and, when the gun goes off, Billy, thinking he has killed the man, dashes out the window—*sans* cap. We see him from the outside, too, without his cap, but before the desperate race for liberty is over the cap has returned to his noble head. *Sh-h— Spirits!*—K. I. R.

He Got The Grip While He Was Away!

How come?

In Miss Priscilla Dean's "Conflict," John Remalie was seen to leave his home with empty hands. How is it that he is seen carrying a grip when he returns home? Answer that if possible.—Jean Kayton, 316 West Mulberry Avenue, San Antonio, Tex.

Coney Island on Hallowe'en?

In "Saturday Night," a gala time is seen at Coney Island on Hallowe'en, the date of which falls late in October. Ferris wheels and all outdoor attractions are in full swing. Thought this place closed on Labor Day. How come?—Marie Tyler, 407 West 145th Street, New York City.

Our Film Flaw Department is becoming so popular that we are unable to print all of them through lack of space. Oftentimes several Film Flaws are sent in that cover the same mistake, so we try to select the best one. We also receive a great number which do not come under that head and in some cases, as in "A Film Flaw with a Flaw," the reader has been mistaken. So, look before you leap and shoot it in early!

INFILMATION



Infilmation means "Information regarding the Films," and FILM FUN *will try to answer any questions our readers may send in. Sign your initials only. Send questions to* FILM FUN'S *Infilmation Bureau, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.*

D. B. K.—Say, D. B. K., where do you think we were six years ago? We have no record of "Runaway June" so can't tell you who took the part of June. Sorry. Elmo Lincoln's address is 2719 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

CURIOUS PEG—It's very seldom, Peggy. In most cases the directors pick out the actors for the parts. We think Bebe Daniels' best picture was "Two Weeks With Pay." Viola Dana's—"The Offshore Pirate." Constance Talmadge—"Good References." Dick Barthelmess—"Tol'able David." Yes, we think Shirley and Viola are sisters.

D. K. S.—We can't answer questions personally, D. K. S., as much as we would like to. Yes, Tom, Matt and Owen are brothers. Tom is with Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. Owen is with Selznick, 729 7th Ave., New York and you can reach Matt at 130 West 44th St., N. Y. No, Marion Davies and Mildred Davis are no relation. Marion Davies, 5 ft., 4 inches in height, weighs 123 pounds, International Film Co., 2478 Second Ave., N. Y. C. Mildred Davis, 5 ft., weighs 100 lbs, Willis and Inglis, Los Angeles, Cal. Sessue Hayakawa, Brunton Studios, Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, Bill Hart, Buck Jones and Tom Mix are experts with guns. They can hit a dime a hundred yards away! So long, Doug.

MRS. S.—Most of the movie magazines publish a list of the film studios every month. It would save you a lot of trouble if you first sent photographs of your children to the studios to see if they are the types needed.

MEDY—We have no report as yet of who is going to play in "Burning Sand." Agnes Ayres and May MacAvoy are both married. Agnes Ayres is coming out in a photo-dramatization of Gilbert Parker's "The Lane That Had No Turning." She is about nineteen, also May MacAvoy.

WHITCOMBE—Sorry we can't answer personal letters. If we did it would take seven men working seven days a week. Valentino answered last month. Cullen Landis, Universal Co., Universal City, Cal. Frank Mayo, 7018 Franklin Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CURIOUS—Why, Curious, I'm surprised at you! The gentlemen's names in question are really Fairbanks and Reid and always have been. What's the idea? All the dope about Valentino appeared in our last issue. If you read FILM FUN you must have seen it. Sure, they would send you a photograph. Inclose stamps. Say, what's your name in real life?

A. G.—Norma Talmadge's address is 318 East 48th St., New York City.

BETH—Forrest Stanley, 207 S. Ardmore Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Doris May, Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal. Agnes Ayres, Paramount, 485 Fifth Ave. Wally Reid, same address. Miss Dupont, Universal, Universal City, Cal.

A. A. A. A. A.—We certainly agree with you, A! You will find all the dope about Miss Ayres listed above. We think you are right about Valentino! But don't give us away! No, we haven't seen "The Lane That Had No Turning," but we are going to! Come again.

P. L. H.—Edith Roberts, Universal City, Cal. Mae Murray, Paramount, 485 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Katherine MacDonald, 904 Girard St., Los Angeles, Cal. Ethel Clayton, Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Agnes Ayres, above. Norma and Constance Talmadge, above. Corinne Griffith, Vitagraph, Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. A.—William S. Hart's address is Hollywood, Cal.

L. W.—Vivian Martin, 44th St. Theatre, New York. Yes, Ben is cross-eyed continually. I don't think Mary Miles Minter and Mary Pickford are any relation. Miss Minter's address is 701 New Hampshire Blvd, Los Angeles, Cal. She is twenty, and not married.

M. F.—Send thirty cents for those two in "Back to God's Country." Edith Storey's last picture was "Beach of Dreams." Rozika Dolly on the stage with her sister. Grace George also on stage, soon to appear in new play. Elmo Lincoln's last picture, "Man of Courage." No William Fairbanks listed. Bull Montana appeared in "Hearts are Trumps." Jack O'Brien, "Love's Penalty."

M. T. SCULL—You certainly have us there, M. T., but do you blame us? No, they haven't got anything on us but we simply can't run enough of them and you haven't seen anything yet! Watch what's coming!

J. E. G.—George seems to be a pretty live man just at present! He is making pictures for Fox now.

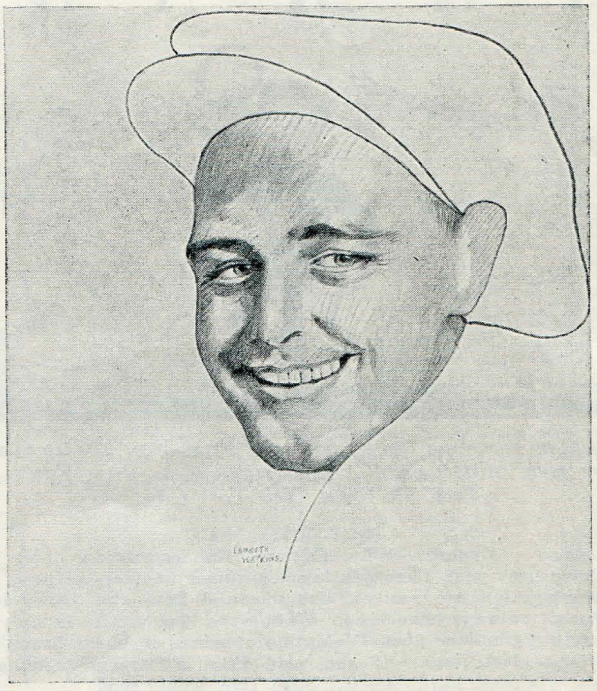
LOTTIE—Here we are again, Lottie! Betty Blythe, 1820 La Brea St., Hollywood, Cal. Mae MacAvoy, Realart Studios, Hollywood. Marjorie Daw, 6609 St. Francis Court, Hollywood, Marion Davies, International, 2478 Second Ave., New York. Harold Lloyd, Hal Roach Studio, Culver City, Cal. Agnes Ayres, above. Bert Lytell, Metro, Hollywood, Cal. See you next month, Lottie!

ROBERT D.—We haven't any idea how old Betty Compson is. Yes, she is married. Address her Famous Players, see above.

H. A. W.—Say, H. A. W., we wrote a whole volume on Valentino in our last issue! Don't you read FILM FUN regularly? However, for your special benefit, we'll print his address once more. It is 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. Agnes Ayres is listed above.

L. H. B.—Ye gods! Another Valentino fan! His address is above, L. B. H. We gave a sketch of his life in our last issue. I tell you it certainly would be a wise thing for you to subscribe to this magazine. Advertising department take notice! Yes, Rudolph has been married but just at present he is single. He's five feet eleven and weighs 154 pounds. No, your eyes do not have to be exceptionally large. Dark eyes photograph best. We cannot send you photographs, L. B. H., as much as we would like to. Write Ruddy for one.

A. N. B.—Well, here's one that isn't asking anything about Mr. Valentino. That was Harry Meyers in "The Connecticut Yankee" and also in "R. S. V. P." with Charles Ray. Yes, he is a very fine actor. That was Charles Murray in "A Small Town Idol."



Wally Reid's smile has made more money for him than any other emotion that he has ever depicted.

KENNETH WATKINS is one of those highly-endowed artists who believe that there is a great deal more to be put into a portrait than merely the features one knows the human to possess. Mr. Watkins, in the accompanying sketches of Wally Reid and Bill Hart, advances the argument that it takes not one but all the features working in harmony to render an "expression." "You'll notice," says Mr. Watkins, "when Wally smiles, he smiles with every feature he has. It's not just the mouth and teeth that produce the effect, but the eyebrows work in harmony; so do the eyes. And the same formula applies with Bill Hart when he frowns. His lips are hard; his eye is cold; his chin is square; his very hair bristles with the old warning of our forefathers: "Don't tread on me."



The Art of Caricature would lead one to suppose Bill Hart never smiles. None the less Bill is a ready and talented smiler.

Film Fun's Photo Stories

Charles Ray in "*Gas, Oil and Water.*"

Jack Holt in "*Bought and Paid For.*"

Harold Lloyd in "*Grandma's Boy.*"

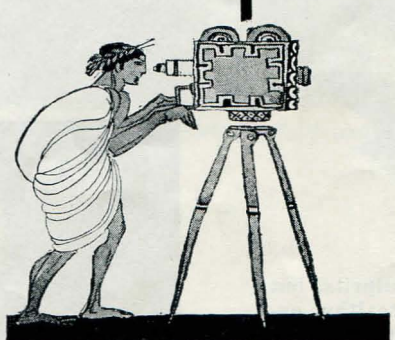
Corinne Griffith in "*Island Wives.*"

Rupert Hughes in "*Come on Over.*"

Rex Beach's "*Fair Lady.*"

Earl Williams in "*The Man from Downing Street.*"

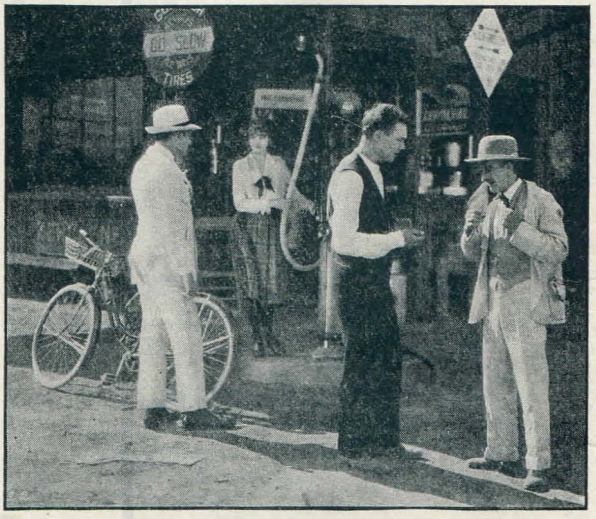
Constance Talmadge in "*The Primitive Lover.*"



Charles Ray in "Gas, Oil and Water"



"Whiskers" plays no small part in dogging the footsteps of the criminals.



Under the disguise of an automobile expert Charley does some expert sleuthing.

Charley flashes the license-plate number of the criminal car to his aeronautic accomplice.

The Story

GEORGE OLIVER WESTON, owner of a ramshackle little gas and oil supply shop down on the border line leading into Mexico, is not a little interested in certain irregularities that are going on under the very nose of governmental officials. Under the disguise offered by his pretended occupation—for the gas and oil are but subterfuges—George Oliver is instrumental in bringing about the arrest of the culprits, but not without numerous stealthy explorations beneath the lap robes of halting autos; secret mental notations of license numbers of suspicious looking cars and all the other thrills that go with the running down of bold, bad law-breakers. In the triumph which he finally achieves, George Oliver saves and wins the girl of his heart.



Charley keeps the wires hot.

Jack Holt in "Bought and Paid For"

The Story

VIRGINIA BLAINE, switchboard operator, comes in contact with Robert Stafford, a self-made millionaire. His interest deepens to admiration. Repeatedly he asks her to marry him. She tells him that she does not love him. He insists he can make her love him. The thought of what marriage to a millionaire would mean and that she may yet love him bids Virginia accept.

One night, Stafford, quite drunk, cannot understand Virginia's loathing. "You didn't love me when you married me, but I bought you and I paid for you, and you're mine." Virginia, crushed, rushes to her room, locking the door. Stafford, in drunken frenzy, breaks in with a poker.

Next day Stafford is told that he must stop drinking. He refuses to promise. Virginia, with Jimmy and Fanny, takes a flat and goes back to work.

Stafford and Virginia are finally brought together by a trick of Jimmy's, which nearly ends in disaster, but brings about a happy ending.



Leigh Wyant, Agnes Ayres and Walter Hiers discuss pro and con the advantages of becoming the wife of a millionaire.



Jack Holt and Agnes Ayres as Robert Stafford and Virginia Blaine.



Jack Holt as Robert Stafford, the debonair club man in the screen version of the ever-popular "Bought and Paid For."

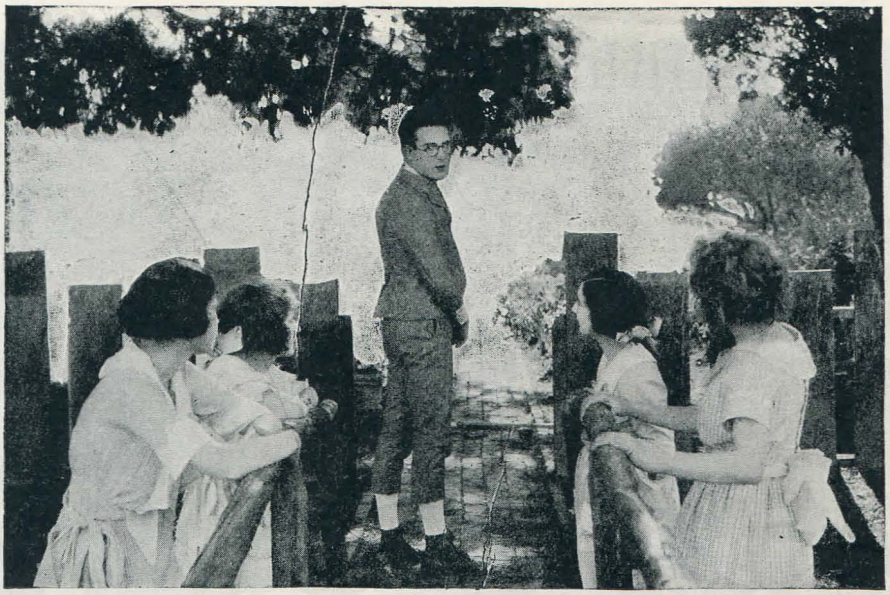
Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy"



Anybody could take a fall out of him because he hadn't the nerve to stand up for his rights.



When his courage came to him he didn't know where to leave off till he had cleaned up the whole town.



He is so bashful in the presence of the other sex that he doesn't know whether he is coming or going.

The Story

The story is woven about the boy who was afraid. When he was a baby he was afraid to call his cradle his own. At school he wore great holes in his stockings—where his knees knocked together, and the other kids had knocked enough chips from his shoulders to start a woodyard. At nineteen he was meek, modest and retiring. The boldest thing he had ever done was to sing out loud in church. He loved a girl, but was afraid to tell her so. His grandma lends him a talisman that had made of his grandpa a great hero, and with this the boy goes forth and conquers his world of enemies. And then grandma tells him the great secret of success—self-confidence. The boy then comes into his reward: he asks the girl, and is accepted.



Harold Lloyd is one of the most painstaking of our young comedians. We don't know anybody who works harder or suffers more for the paltry thousands of dollars he earns weekly.



He and the Girl get their hand in on the lawn mower in practice for the ultimate baby carriage.

Corinne Griffith in "Island Wives"

Fictionized by GEORGE MITCHELL



Miss Griffith.

UPON the desolate island of Rapia, remotely sequestered in the South Seas, Elsa Melton mourned the unhappy fate that had made her the adored though disconsolate wife of Jimmy Melton. Not that Elsa didn't love Jimmy. She did, devotedly, and with a simplicity and oneness of purpose that bordered on adoration. But she loathed the island, and brooded on a fate that had chosen her to be the only beautiful woman on it, that her comeliness was to be wasted upon its desert air, and that she was all too soon to reach the early and unromantic blight that was the lot of all native women.

Added to Elsa's discomfort was the consciousness that McMasters, manager of the station, coveted her with a bestial, revolting desire; nor was there any comfort for her in the conviction that he would "get her" at the first opportunity that presented itself. There might have offered some consolation to Elsa could she have taken Jimmy—big, strong Jimmy—into her confidence; but that spelled tragedy, for she knew that Jimmy, did he know McMasters' designs on her, would tear him limb from limb for his villainy.

Such were the conditions that prevailed upon the island one night when Jimmy was suddenly called to duty at sea. Thus did McMasters realize his long-deferred opportunity with Elsa, her husband away, and a typhoon raging off the coast. Bereft of her senses, in the face of ungovernable odds, did Elsa flee in terror from the pursuing McMasters, till exhausted, no longer capable of defense, she flung herself, swooning, upon the beach. . . .

The next morning broke clear. The gentle sea, so recently a swirling, terrorizing maelstrom, lapped lazily on a placid beach. Birds wheeled in a sky of liquid, limpid torquoise blue. No more perfect setting for the birth of an Aphrodite than this on which Elsa opened delirious eyes, to find above the smiling face of Hansen, whose yacht lay off shore gracefully riding at anchor.

"You needn't be afraid of me." His voice was soft. . . . his clothing fine . . . his manner polished.

"I've overheard some of your story." His teeth flashed through the friendliest of smiles.

"You were speaking of a certain McMasters and calling on 'Jimmy' to help you," he continued. "You seem to have no end of admirers."

She shivered, clutched at her throat, and, like a frightened bird, peered about her in horror. The night of terror returned to her in vivid remembrance.

"Where is he?" she cried. Then, assured that McMasters was no longer to be feared, and seeing in this stranger the promise of friendship, she pieced together for him the story of her night's horror.



Thus they sailed under false colors, a mockery to themselves and to each other.

Corinne Griffith and Rockcliffe Fellows.

Under pretense of searching for Jimmy somewhere off the coast, Hansen lured her to his yacht.

"We'll find him," he assured her. But under the guise of his luxurious attentions to her, and beneath the cloak of a deep interest in her welfare, he played upon her belief in him until he was sure that his moment had come.

He told her with perfectly disguised gentleness that he had received a radio announcing the death of Jimmy in the typhoon of that all too horrible night on the beach. He told her that he had waited to tell her this until he was sure that she was strong enough to bear the news. He sympathized with her in her sorrow, and biding still his time he gave her to believe that he too shared her grief. . . .

Elsa, in the despair of her sorrow, without friend, knowing not which way to turn for help, is stricken . . .

"Take me away, anywhere but back to the island. I couldn't bear it now," she moaned, and buried her head in her hands. She crumpled at the thought of McMasters and a remembrance of all the misery the island threatened her without Jimmy.

"I never could see it again," she moaned dismally.

Jimmy, meantime, having weathered the storm, returned

to Rapia, only to learn of Elsa's mysterious disappearance with Hansen. Bitterly vengeful of her wanton abandonment of him, he vowed to kill her should she ever return to the island.

Then, the first flush of his anger abating, he wandered aimlessly to the beach, upon the unchanging sands of which he wrung out the bitterness of his soul:

"Elsa, Elsa—why—why—why?" he questioned over and over again, till exhaustion brought relief to tired, worn out nerves.

Hansen, with persistent patience, played his cards with the consummate skill of the practiced philanderer. Easily he ingratiated himself into Elsa's affections, and she, though loyal to Jimmy, believing him to be dead, finally succumbed to Hansen's well-designed gentility and agreed to give him her reluctant hand and loveless heart.

"I want you to understand, however," she told him with tear-stained eyes, "that I still love Jimmy, and always must. I could never love anyone as I love Jimmy. I am marrying you only because you have been so good to me, and you seem to want me."

"Want you?" he replied. "Of course I want you." And then more tenderly: "Don't worry. My love is big enough for both of us. Besides, I think I can make you learn to love me in time."

And so they were married on the yacht, the ceremony being performed by the captain. And they sailed upon a honeymoon distasteful to both—to him because his conscience smote him every time she mentioned Jimmy's name—to her because, try as she would, she could not efface Jimmy from her heart.

Thus they sailed under false colors, a mockery to themselves and to each other, until one night, cruising in the South Seas, not so far distant from the island of her hopes and fears, happiness and sorrow, Hansen, now tired of her and no longer under the necessity to hide from her the evil in his heart, tore off the mask of hypocrisy and revealed himself at last in all his inner ugliness.



But she loathed the Island and brooded on a fate that had chosen her to be the only beautiful woman on it.
Corinne Griffith.



Elsa returns to her husband on the Island of Rapia.

Mockingly he taunted her with her helplessness; cunningly he pictured to her Jimmy's contempt for her, and the vengeance he must nurse for her all too apparent abandonment of him; fiendishly he reminded her of his own crafty patience with which he lured her to believe in him, and the false radio with which he made her think that Jimmy was dead; and then, wishing to be forever rid of her, and obey-

(*Continued on page* 61)

Colleen Moore in "Come on Over"

By
RUPERT HUGHES



Colleen Moore as Moyna arrives bag and baggage—a delightful bit of baggage—in the land of her adoption.

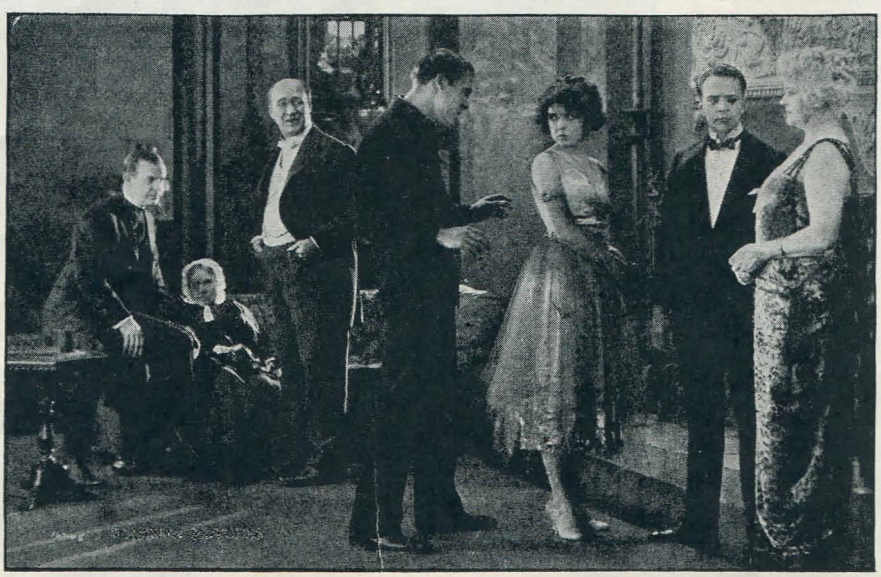


Florence Drew as Bridget Morahan being entertained by Colleen Moore as Moyna in the Irish-American screen story, "Come on Over," by Rupert Hughes.

The Story

SHANE sails for America, leaving behind him in the little Irish village of his birth the beautiful Moyna, whom he promises to "send out for."

Three years later, Shane, without a job, has still been unable to save the necessary money to send for Moyna. Meantime he has made friends with Judy, the sister of his boon companions, Barney and Miles Dugan, through whom he eventually obtains the job that is instrumental in bringing his sweetheart across the ocean, but Moyna, mistaking Shane's interest in Judy for a stronger emotion, becomes jealous and runs away from him. Their final reconciliation is brought about through the inspiration of an Irish jig, and the lovers are once more reunited.



Shane discovers the lovely Moyna more lovely still in the modern dress of an American beauty.
(Colleen Moore, Ralph Graves and a brilliant cast of Goldwyn players.)

Rex Beach's Romance, "Fair Lady"

(From THE NET)



Florence Auer as Lucrezia, Betty Blythe as the Countess Margherita and Robert Elliott as Norvin Blake in a scene in which Blake swears on the knife of the assassin to avenge the death of the Countess' affianced.



Betty Blythe as the Countess and Robert Elliott as Blake, who claims his reward and gets it in the final fade-out.

The Story

ON the day set for her wedding the Countess Margherita hears of her lover's assassination by a band of outlaws under the leadership of one Cardi, who had sent Margherita warning that he wanted her for his own. Norvin Blake, an American, is branded coward by the lovely Margherita for failing to protect her affianced, but she is consoled by Cæsar Maruffi, an admirer and supposed friend. Later in New Orleans Blake meets Margherita, who has set herself the task of running down the slayer of her betrothed. By a clew with which she furnished him, Blake brings about his capture and for his devotion is finally rewarded.



Gladys Hulette as Myra with her old Mammy.



Blake finally runs down the assassin and brings about his capture in a scene of chills and thrills.

The Man from Downing Street

Fictionized by GEORGE MITCHELL



Earl Williams disguised as the Rajah to bring about the apprehension of the culprits.

"I TELL you, Kent, there's a traitor at Delhi—someone in the British service. The Maharajah gets our government code messages a few hours after delivery." His face darkened with an angry scowl. "It's got to be stopped. Damn it all! It's got to be stopped, and I don't know anyone better equipped to stop it than you. That's why I'm sending you to Delhi."

The speaker, Sir Edward Craig, was one of the members of the British Cabinet; Kent, none other than Captain Robert Kent, one of the keenest and most competent men on his staff.

Kent knit his brows in deep thought. In his early thirties he had rendered such an account of himself as was the envy of the whole British military service; and Sir Edward, shrewd diplomat that he was, could have made no better selection in the man fitted for this task.

"The Maharajah!" Kent's handsome face softened in a confident smile.

"No, you can't touch him," Sir Edward turned on him abruptly. "He's on the friendliest of terms with the Government, and you'd only incite the natives to stir up a revolution against us. You've got to play this game cautiously."

Kent beat a nervous foot. Used to dealing in the open, he chafed under the necessity of caution.

"I'll do my best," he said as quietly as he could. "Have you any suspicions?"

"Only three men in Delhi can know the code. Colonel Wentworth, commander of the garrison, and two of his officers: Major Burnham and Captain Graves. All trusted—all above suspicion, and yet . . . there's a leak somewhere. Yours is a grave responsibility. Work cautiously but quickly, for you must stamp out the spark of treason before a revolt is kindled into flames."

Three weeks later Captain Kent stood in the office of Colonel Wentworth, commander of the garrison, in Delhi.

"I like your plans very much," the Colonel was saying.

"And you'll issue the invitations to the dinner?"

"I will at once, Captain. The British social circle of Delhi will meet the Rajah Rhonda Singh, visiting potentate. You are sure of your disguise and your ability to carry it off?"

"You may trust me for that," Kent replied confidently.

And so it was that Kent, under the disguise of the Rajah, was introduced auspiciously to the Maharajah, Major Burnham and his beautiful daughter, Doris, Captain Graves and his beautiful wife, and Lieutenant Wyndham, an aide to Colonel Wentworth.

During dinner that night, Kent, safe behind his disguise, made three observations that puzzled him: Wyndham seemed worked up about something, and regarded him with stealthy uneasiness; the Maharajah, ill at ease, never took his eyes from him; and later, when a toast to England was proposed, Wyndham dropped his glass of wine, thus—or so it seemed to Kent—artfully covering his obligation to drink the toast.

An hour later, returned to his quarters, Kent, tense upon the puzzle before him, was startled by the sudden and agitated appearance of Wyndham.

"You are here to find out who is giving out those messages," he cried, his voice shaking with emotion.

Kent, startled by the suddenness of Wyndham's inquiry, reached for him, but Wyndham threw him off:

"Wait!" he cried. "I'm not against you. I want to save you a lot of trouble. I must be brief." His frightened glance swept the room with furtive apprehension. "They may



And so it was that Kent, under the disguise of the Rajah, was introduced auspiciously to the Maharajah, Major Burnham, and his beautiful daughter Doris.

find me here. The man you are looking for is—"

A shot rang out in the night, and Wyndham, clutching at his heart, crumpled at Kent's feet.

The officers' quarters being close at hand, Colonel Wentworth strode into the room almost at once.

"What's the row, Kent?" Then, seeing the body on the floor, he blanched: "My God—Wyndham, how could he have known the name?"

That night Kent pondered long this new phase of the mystery. Whose name was it Wyndham all but disclosed? Who had killed him in the nick of time? Why didn't Major Burnham, whose quarters were as close as the Colonel's, show as keen an interest in the shooting? Why did Doris Burnham's face stamp itself so strongly upon his mind, and always seem to cross between him and her father? He gave it up and turned in.

The following morning Kent sauntered into the Cafe Jumna, devoted to frivolity, where he had heard a new dancing girl, Sarissa, is holding court. The Maharajah, one of her most ardent admirers, was occupying a prominent table. Sarissa was dancing. The Maharajah followed her every movement with evident admiration.

"Sarissa is leading him a merry dance, Kent. What do you make of it?" Colonel Wentworth dropped lazily into a chair; but Kent, absorbed in the little scene being enacted before him, made no reply, for at that moment Sarissa, observing the entrance of Captain Graves, darted to him and engaged him in earnest conversation. A cunning smile crossed Kent's face. He rose and left the place, only to return an hour later, sending word to Sarissa that he wished to speak with her.



Earl Williams and Betty Ross Clarke as Kent and Doris Burnham.



Earl Williams and Betty Ross Clarke in "The Man from Downing Street."

In a moment the girl stood before him.

"Now, Ruth." Kent motioned her to a seat. "What have you discovered so far?"

Sarissa, no longer under the scrutiny of others, threw off her Eastern disguise.

"I don't understand Graves," she said, "but there is something between his wife and the Maharajah."

"You think it's Graves?"

"I don't."

"Burnham?" Kent's voice shook ever so slightly, his lips compressed.

"It could be, easily." Ruth's hand sympathetically touched Kent's sleeve. "I've noticed your interest in Doris Burnham, but—"

"You're right." Kent straightened. "Sentiment must not interfere with duty. If it's Burnham—" His jaws set.

Next day at noon Kent found Colonel Wentworth at home.

"Colonel, you had better order the

(*Continued on page* 60)

Constance Talmadge in "The Primitive Lover"



Connie and Harrison Ford in "The Primitive Lover." Harrison seems to be lacing it into Connie and, what seems wholly incredible, she is standing for it.

The Story

PHYLLIS is an impressionistic and romantic young bride, who is reading the last pages of a wildly melodramatic novel as the picture begins to unfold. Imagining herself the heroine, she re-enacts the scene where her husband, Hector, and Wales, the other man, fight for her love, the latter sacrificing himself heroically in the sea in order that the woman he loves and his friend may live.

Hector arrived in the drawing-room just as Phyllis, absolutely drowned in tears, closes the book. Sublimely prosaic, he asks her if she is bilious when she comes up out of her emotional daze sufficiently to inquire if *he* loves her well enough to throw himself into the sea, upon which Hector suggests that she stop imagining herself the heroine of every trashy novel she reads. "It is the only romance the modern married woman ever gets," Phyllis parries.

Hector is an inventor long on qualities of endurance, but short of the necessary "get up and go after" characteristics. When he sees the novel in his wife's lap he winces, for it is



Bang goes another illusion! You never can tell in a movie scenario when you're going to be stuck up, and we always had thought that the one screen star who wasn't a bit stuck up was Connie Talmadge.



Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford.

Not the leanest bone of contention between any man and wife is the hat. Hats since they have been worn have caused not a little of Reno's population.

the last novel of his rival, Donald Wales, written before his untimely death in South America. But it was a timely death as far as Hector was concerned; otherwise, Phyllis would be Wales's bride instead of his. Not that it has done him much good, for by this time Hector feels pretty sure she does not love him.

But it develops that Wales is not dead. One evening, while Hector is harrowing his poor distracted father-in-law with lugubrious details of his last invention, instead of allowing him to read his evening paper, Wales bursts in on Phyllis and begins an aggressive bombardment of kissing, which neither the arrival of Hector as a conscientious objector nor the fainting of Phyllis's mother can interrupt.

Wales is a self-centered and bombastic young novelist, and when he really gets it through his layers of Ego that Phyllis has married anyone but himself, he throws a bombshell into camp by announcing Hector's perfidy, since he was one of the few people aware that Wales's reported death was a huge publicity stunt to enhance the sale of his novel. Which bombshell does not help Hector's cause any; so when Wales demands that Phyllis secure a divorce from this traitor, Hector accedes to it resignedly.

Phyllis is miffed at being given up so easily, and stages a party scene in which she wears *a negligee* warranted to stir the most apathetic heart. She thinks she has succeeded, when Hector's voice turns a somersault, and it is the last straw when he finally begs her, as a parting favor, to wear woollen underwear.

After this, she allows Wales to engineer a framed raid on Hector's quarters in order to implicate him with another woman; but, after stealing everything in sight, the other woman gets away before the raiders arrive. In desperation Wales then insists on Phyllis going to Reno. On the day set for trial, Hector appears at the courthouse, trailed by a lady hopeful of winning him *via* the sympathy route. She gets little consideration from him until he sees Phyllis watching them, then he makes up for the past neglect to such an extent that the sympathetic old judge indignantly frees Phyllis from such a philanderer.

After the divorce is granted, Phyllis again seeks an interview with the blind Hector, in which she taunts him with his unfaithfulness, and then sends him away; but he hears her cry-

(*Continued on page* 59)

Constance Talmadge to Her Godchild

March 7, 1922.

Dear Readers of FILM FUN:

I have had the privilege of winning several contests in theaters of various cities for popularity on the screen, and it always gives me a thrill to feel that my work is well liked and appreciated, but winning the first or second place in these popularity contests has never given me nearly as much pleasure as being awarded, by general acclaim, the palm for prize film godmother.

I should like to wish this little Constance everything her little heart desires, and I hope her mother will contribute as much toward her happiness as Peg—Norma, Natalie and I have always called our mother by her first name—has to mine.

We are always brought up with the idea that the child owes its first duty to its parents; but I think, as my mother does, that the parents are sometimes apt to forget what they owe to the child. And right here I want to add, that if I have anything to say about my godchild, she shall never be called "Connie." I herewith register a plea to all the mothers of all the baby Constances born into the world from now on, that they be given the benefit of their full name.

Proudly yours,

Constance Talmadge.



Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford as the Primitive Lovers.



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"Doings for a Day"

(*Continued from page* 23)

when a knock at the door announced the assistant director.

"He says they are waiting for you, Miss Pickford," said Bodamere.

"Tell him I'll be right over, and tell Mr. Goosson that I will see him on the stage, and Mr. Larkin too."

"Mr. Larkin says there is another newspaper man here now, from one of the downtown papers. He has a report from the East that Charlie Chaplin is dead. He can't get Mr. Chaplin and wants to know if you know anything about it."

"Absurd!" I said. "What next. First they had me dying—now it's poor Charlie."

By the time I had tried on the two new costumes, it was ten o'clock, Two more important 'phone calls came, but I told Bodamere to take the messages.

On the stage the company was waiting. We rehearsed and shot two scenes. Between scenes, Mr. Larkin introduced the London correspondent and we talked several minutes. Then I rehearsed another scene, autographed four pictures for the publicity department, ten for Miss Bell's department, read and signed six letters for Mrs. Cameron and OK'd the telegrams.

While talking to Mr. Goosson about the new sets, the director called again and I had to leave while we were constructing a staircase. After the scene Mr. Goosson and I managed to complete the staircase, and then I suggested that we pause for lunch, as many of the children appearing in the picture were becoming fretful.

At twenty minutes after twelve I stepped into the car to go to Douglas' studio. Mrs. Cameron came out with two more telegrams, and said the dresses I had ordered sent out from the department store had arrived and were waiting for selection. I finished the interview with the London correspondent as we rode to lunch.

Douglas helped me out of the car in front of his Japanese lunch room. "Are you tired, dear?" he asked. "Not yet," I replied, "but I've got a busy afternoon ahead of me." He introduced Mr. Thorwell and Mr. Jones, from the Orient, who had information concering the theft of our films in Japan.

We discussed, among other things, Douglas' next picture, "The Spirit of Chivalry," and the gigantic sets he intends to build. I returned to the dressing-room at one o'clock.

Mrs. Cameron informed me that reservations had been made for our trip to New York for the following Thursday. I dictated a letter to Mr. O'Brien, our attorney.

Mr. Larkin had returned from lunch with the London writer by this time, and we posed together for several photographs, after which I went over the production stills with Oppie.

Bodamere said they were waiting for me on the stage, and also that Mr. Mott wanted to talk to me on the 'phone.

Mrs. Cameron brought me Anthony Paul Kelley's script for Jack's picture, which had just arrived from New York by special registered mail, and I gave it to Bodamere to take up to the house, so I could read it after dinner.

"I think you should lie down and rest for a little while, you have been going so fast this morning," said Bodamere.

"But it's nearly two o'clock," I answered, "and we have gotten only two scenes to-day. No, Bodamere, to-morrow maybe, but to-day we have all those extra people."

The arrival of the assistant director at that moment with the announcement that my next scene was with a baby, dispelled all thought of rest.

"We're afraid the baby will get cross if we don't get the scene before time for his nap."

I quickly adjusted my make-up and was on the stage at two-fifteen.

Those scenes with the youngster were indeed a trial. The little fellow was bound and determined to cry. The glare of the lights frightened him, I think. And in the scene he was supposed to laugh. After an hour and a half of patient work, I finally discovered that by placing him across my lap on his little tummy and then lifting him up quickly, I could get him to laugh. I felt quite elated—a regular Christopher Columbus and Edison combined.

Shortly before four o'clock, Bodamere brought me a cup of chocolate, and I paused a few minutes to drink it. She said to me in French that the mother of the baby was crying, and was very distressed because the little fellow had caused me so much trouble. I immediately went over behind the corner of the set and comforted her. Poor things, my heart goes out to them, these mothers in the movies. What heartaches they suffer.

Mother came over shortly after four o'clock. Together we watched the taking of several scenes in which I did not appear. Mrs. Cameron brought me some photographic portraits, the work of a local artist, who wanted to make an appointment for sittings. She said Mr. Larkin had recommended him, also that we were in need of new pictures for personal as well as publicity purposes. I dictated five letters, received a group of visiting exhibitors, who bore letters of introduction from Mr. Abrams, and then went to the projection-room to see the daily run.

When I came out it was after six o'clock, so I went to the dressing-room to take off my make-up and try on the garments that had been sent out from downtown.

Mrs. Dumas was waiting in the reception-room to give me my French lesson.

"I've been here ever since two

(*Continued on page* 58)

TO ALL MY FRIENDS

April 15, 1922



This is written to all you people who care for little children. Perhaps here and there in some of my little-girl plays, I have been able to give you a glimpse of the misery and heart-ache that fall to the lot of orphan children. But in all of them I was only a "play" orphan—not a real one like those I am going to tell you about now.

In Eastern Europe at this moment there are 300,000 orphans or more. They are children who saw their fathers go away to the war and never come back again, who saw their mothers die of grief and misery, who saw little brothers and sisters sicken and die from want of care and food. And they are those even more tragically orphaned little children, Jewish children who have seen father and mother brutally killed before their eyes in ghastly pogroms, who have lived through things too terrible to tell you about. And now they drag their wracked little bodies from village to village, roaming in little tattered dumb broods, barefoot, cripples some, sheathed in rags, pitifully hungry, bitterly without hope, shelterless—unless they can be taken into some emergency shelter or barracks hospital set up by one of the relief organizations working in Eastern Europe.

It is to provide just the simplest shelter-places of this sort, to put food into poor starved little stomachs, and just the roughest clothing on shrivelled bare little limbs, that their fellow-Jews in America are now gathering a $14,000,000 fund—that first of all, and then to relieve the only less terrible misery of the 400,000, "or God knows how many more," aged men and women and famished mothers of little babes roaming the waste-places which were once their homes in the pogrom lands.

Won't you carry their yearning and their unhappiness and the terrible pathos of each of those 300,000 childhoods in your hearts for a little while?

A letter to *Film Fun* readers ought to be a sparkling, mirthful thing, gay and frolicking. But can we frolic? Little dying children are hanging on the hope of that $14,000,000 which is to save their little flickering lives and battered bodies, to nurse them back to life—to make them smile again. "In a trip through Poland and Russia in which I saw thousands and thousands of children, on the roads and in the relief shelters and hospitals," said a worker who returned just a fortnight ago, "I never saw a single child who smiled!" Not one child that smiled! Think of it, if you can—hundreds of thousands of children with no light in their eyes!

Can you frolic and be gay, before they smile again?

Mary Pickford.

P. S. They are waiting for any "smile money" you can send, at American Jewish Relief Committee Headquarters, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

(The Committee acknowledges with thanks the contribution of this space by the publishers)

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"Doings for a Day"

(Continued from page 56)

o'clock," she told me, and I marveled that she was not impatient. Poor Mrs. Dumas, I thought.

"Come into the dressing-room, and we'll do the lesson while I take my make-up off."

"Don't forget you have to try on those dresses that were sent out from downtown," Mrs. Cameron reminded me.

Our lessons were interrupted by the telephone.

"It's Mr. Fairbanks," Bodamere told me. "He wants to know when you are going home. Mr. Chaplin is over at his office, and they have that Italian production."

"Tell them to take it up to the house. We'll look at it to-night."

"My goodness," said Bodamere, holding her hand over the 'phone, "that means you won't get to bed until eleven o'clock."

"But it's important business, Bodamere. Mr. Griffith likes the picture, and Mr. Abrams wants a decision from the rest of us. Tell Mr. Fairbanks I have to conjugate only one more verb, then I'll be over."

At seven o'clock I climbed into the car to go to the Fairbanks' studio, knowing that we would be lucky if we saw a foot of the Italian film before nine that night. The dresses I had to leave, and I realized also that the Anthony Paul Kelley version of "The Tailor-made Man" would have to wait until the next day, which would be just like to-day, if not more so.

IN order that fifteen dogs of various kinds, breeds and sizes, shall follow him faithfully in certain scenes, T. Roy Barnes, playing the leading rôle in a new Paramount picture, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" has been devoting several hours each day to feeding the hungry pack of animals. A pound of meat per dog is his ration. Nobody but Barnes is permitted to feed them. He says he feels like the "Pied Piper of Hamelin." The picture is being directed by James Cruze. Walter Hiers, Tully Marshall, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and others appear in the cast.



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E. L. Crandall, head of the department of lectures and visual education, presenting a silver loving cup to Carl Laemmle, President of the Universal Film Co., on behalf of the Board of Education, as a recognition of his pioneer work in changing serials from the old blood-and-thunder variety, condemned by both parents and teachers, to the new type now being released by Universal, which are historical, educational and of geographical interest as exemplified by "Winners of the West" and "With Stanley in Africa."

"The Primitive Lover"

(*Continued from page* 55)

ing afterwards, and it begins to pierce through his crustacean shell that she really does care for him. It is the beginning of a lesson about women that an old Indian chief finishes, for when Hector sees the way of an old Indian with his kow-towing woman after he has booted her about, he decides to go and do likewise, aided and attended by the Indian chief.

He, therefore, kidnaps Phyllis and Wales, and takes them to lonely mountain shacks, in order that Wales can show his valor as a "primitive lover," which is the title of his latest book. Phyllis's sense of the romantic is stirred until hunger begins to gnaw, and she realizes that it is really Hector who is the primitive lover, and she is forced to go to his cabin to beg for matches and see him eating an appetizing breakfast, while she and Wales are both fireless and breakfastless. Wales makes his escape and goes for help, leaving Phyllis alone. Two cattle herders, Old Roaring Rivers, and Pedro, a Mexican, come and force her to cook flap-jacks for them. Rivers is a great-hearted, tyrannical old character, who looks villainous and frightens Phyllis almost out of her wits. But it is Pedro, following her about with his crafty eyes, who is the real menace.

Hector, arriving about this time with a basket of food for her, is planning a heroic rescue, when he discovers that Rivers's terrorizing beard covers the heart of a small, mischievous boy.

When news is brought of stampeding cattle, Hector joins the herders in their efforts to save them, and Phyllis is again left alone; but not for long. Pedro steals back for the ring he has been coveting. Phyllis puts up a courageous fight to keep it because Hector gave it to her, but the tricky Pedro gets her at a disadvantage.

Hector and Rivers discover Pedro's absence and rush back just as Phyllis is about to give up the ring. Pedro draws on them, but Rivers waits his chance to signal Phyllis to put out the light. She smashes it, and in the ensuing darkness Rivers trusses up the Mexican and takes him out, while Hector hunts frantically for Phyllis, who is by this time hidden in a barrel.

During the signing of the armistice in Hector's arms, Wales enters with reinforcements, among them the divorce judge, who then and there annuls the decree. Wales takes proceedings on the fence between resentment and resignation, until he realizes they have given him material for a new book. Then he magnanimously forgives them, saying: "A woman's only a woman—but a *book!*"

NORMA TALMADGE entered the motion pictures at the age of fourteen with no previous stage experience. Constance, a few years later, repeated the same stunt at the same age.

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The Man from Downing Street

(*Continued from page 53*)

arrest of Major Burnham. I find the evidence conclusive."

"I will do as you suggest, Captain." The Colonel offered him a cigarette. "But what about Graves?"

"Perhaps, after all, you're right. We must not be too hasty." Kent bent his brows a moment in thought. Then: "I have it. Suppose I direct Downing Street to cable Burnham that a two per cent. tax be ordered on jute, and to Graves that the same tax be ordered on hemp. Do you see—"

"Capital." The Colonel seemed pleased as a child.

Kent, next morning, singing softly as he dressed, was visited by the Colonel.

"The hemp cable has been published, and the natives are greatly excited," the Colonel announced excitedly. It's Graves, as I thought."

Kent's smile is cunning. "My mission is ended," said he laconically. "Come, let us arrest Graves at once!"

Together they made their way, and found Graves in angry argument with his wife, who, when they entered, slipped quietly into an adjoining room.

"Graves, in the name of the Crown, it becomes my unpleasant duty to arrest you for treason," Kent quietly said.

Graves went white. "It's a lie!" he shouted, quivering with emotion. "It is true that I went to the Maharajah's house, but I never gave him code messages. I went there to save—" He paused, his head suddenly sunk upon his breast, then: "Oh, what's the use?" He staggered unsteadily. "I confess. I did give the code to the Maharajah."

Kent moved forward. "I'm sorry, Graves. . . ."

From the adjoining room rang out the shot of a revolver. The three men seemed rooted to the floor; then the Colonel and Kent sprang forward, but Graves stopped them.

"Poor girl; it was the only way out for her." He shook convulsively.

Kent gripped his hand in silent sympathy. Then, turning to the Colonel: "We've made a mistake, Colonel. It's not Graves after all."

"His wife, then?" The Colonel lifted his eyebrows in casual inquiry.

For answer, Kent turned his back suddenly, whipped out his pistol. Then, wheeling like a flash, covered the Colonel.

"No, Wentworth, it's you. You overplayed your hand. I didn't have those cables sent from Downing Street, and I could have had you arrested this morning, but that I wanted to make sure of that unfortunate woman's part in the affair."

As for Kent, he stayed only long enough in Delhi to congratulate Major Burnham on his promotion to the post of commanding officer of the garrison, and to induce Doris to accompany him to England and as happy a future as it was in his power to make for her.

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"Island Wives"

(*Continued from page* 49)

ing an impulse to humor her plea that she be put off on the island, he lowered a boat and rowed her ashore.

But here Hansen reckoned without his usual break of fortune, for Jimmy, having seen the yacht and sensing its significance to him, awaited their coming.

Jimmy lost no time in getting down to the task at hand. He had waited for this moment through months of bitterness; had wished for, though dared not hope, that it might be his. Mercilessly he faced Elsa; blindly he shut out the pleading of her eyes; ruthlessly he towered above her the figure of vengeful, outraged manhood.

"You can't live here," he ordered, then snapped his jaws in a manner that left no shred of hope in Elsa's heart. Then, turning on Hansen, his mouth hardened: "As for you, take this," and he flung him a revolver. "I don't want your dirty murder on my soul; though, by heaven, if you haven't got the nerve to do it, I'll—"

His voice broke off as Hansen, catching the pistol and quickly raising it, aimed it full at Jimmy.

But Jimmy, a second quicker, pulled another gun, and Hansen's weapon, undischarged, fell harmlessly to the beach.

With a shriek of pain, clutching his forearm which ran with blood, Hansen broke for the surf, into which he plunged in a wild effort to reach the safety of his yacht, and Jimmy, relentlessly pursuing, followed him to the water's edge, where with deliberate aim he raised his weapon.

To Jimmy's horror, Hansen was seen to disappear beneath a lash of swirling, foaming, blood-stained water . . . a moment and the flash of a shining fin gave proof that an avenging God had intervened. . . .

In the days that followed, the same God, who Himself could forgive those who trespass against Him, softened Jimmy's heart and taught him the blessedness of those who pity. And Pity being kin to Love, rewarded Jimmy—for beneath the white hibiscus bush, the native flower of betrothal, Jimmy and Elsa renewed their pledge of love and lived to the fullness of perfect happiness.



Much to his embarrassment, Dick Barthelmess, during the absence of his publicity man, is forced at times to blow his own horn.

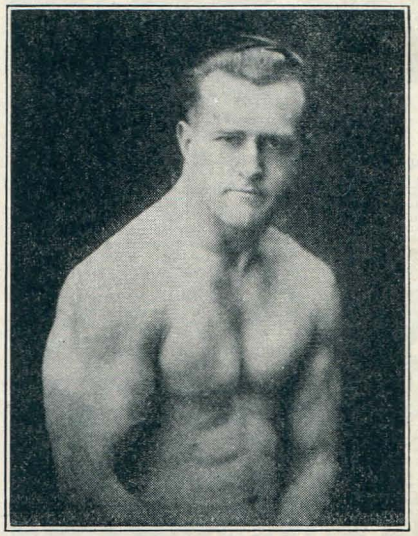
MOTHERS are funny persons. They just won't understand, for instance, that the fellow who is mean to his girl might, under certain circumstances, be a really decent sort of chap.

The other day Agnes Ayres's mother came on the set of "The Ordeal" just as the star and Clarence Burton, as her worthless husband, were going through a very, very rough scene. Burton wasn't treating the poor girl right at all. But of course that's his business and in real life he's happily married, raises ducks, has a dog who loves him and everything.

But after the scene was over Mrs. Ayres just wouldn't have a thing to do with Burton. She left him flat—although ordinarily she is a sweet elderly person who is kind and nice to everyone.

That night she took Agnes one side.

"I don't think you ought to see much of that Mr. Burton," solemnly advised Mrs. Ayres, "I think he's the most terrible, brutal man I've ever seen!"



Latest Photograph of Earle E. Liederman

If you were dying to-night and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow, or any day some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A REBUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arms in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real works. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours that think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

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Featuring Betty Compson

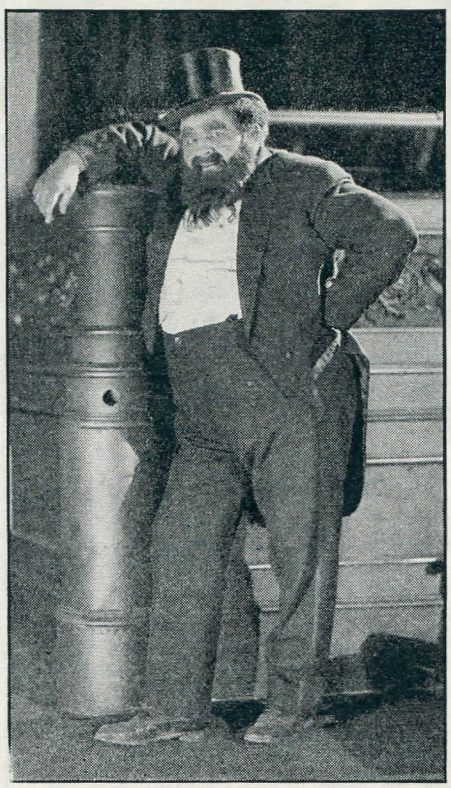
PERFECT features do not make a woman beautiful, according to Penrhyn Stanlaws, widely known artist, whose pictures of pretty girls have adorned many magazines, and now producer of Paramount motion pictures. Proper correlation of the features of the face counts most in a woman's beauty, says the artist.

In speaking of Betty Compson, the pretty Paramount star whom he has directed in several pictures, Mr. Stanlaws says:

"No one will deny that Betty Compson is pretty, and almost everyone will admit that at times she is exceedingly beautiful. But she is neither pretty nor beautiful because she has 'perfect features.' Perfect features in the first place do not exist. If they did, then anyone who had them would look exactly like any other person who had them.

"Miss Compson is beautiful because her features are properly correlated. Her nose is the right kind of nose for her eyes, and her eyes are the right kind of eyes for the rest of her face, and her face is the right kind of a face to form a background for her particular features; and the whole makes the Betty Compson one knows—adorable, piquant, and lovely."

WHEN D. W. Griffith chose the play, "The Two Orphans," he selected probably the best known title in this country, with the exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Since 1880, more than 100,000 performances of the stage play have been given, Kate Claxton having given more than 7,000.



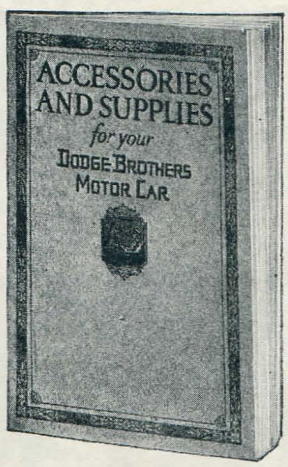
Kalla Pasha giving one an idea of what a wild walrus would look like in evening attire.

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Doris May went through a new experience recently—moving day. And it wasn't for a motion-picture camera, either. She moved into her own home, a beautiful little bungalow in Hollywood, which had been built to order. There was at least one cartload of fan-mail, which may account for the delay in answering some of the letters.

An Unenviable Record

"I'VE had 158 fights before the camera and have lost all of them," says James Farley, who plays the rôle of the bad man in "Boy Crazy," a Hunt Stromberg production for R.-C. pictures, starring Doris May, which is now in production. "It's always been my lot to have a rôle in which I have to be whipped by the hero. I'm getting used to it. I love to be a bad man, and that's why I like my present rôle in which I kidnap the innocent young gi-r-rul. My ambition is to direct pictures and my hobby is the repeal of the Volstead Act."

BETTY COMPSON put up a good poker face at the Hollywood studio last week when she had to appear in a scene with Sapho, a live leopard, about whom Betty dances in "The Noose," her next Paramount picture. "You're a brave girl," some one said to her as she walked off the lot. "I may have looked brave, but I'll tell you I was scared," she replied.

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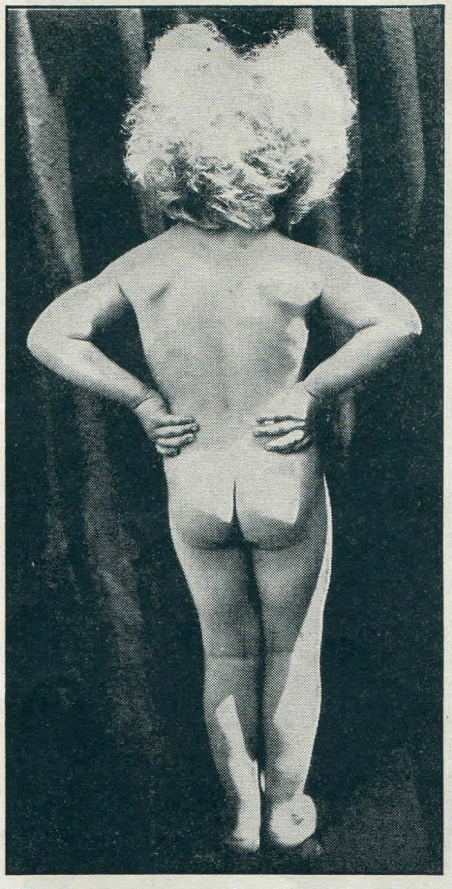
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HAD Rudolph Valentino followed in the footsteps of his father he would to-day be a bacteriologist instead of a star in Paramount pictures. His father, a noted bacteriologist, made numerous discoveries that rendered his name prominent in scientific circles in Europe. He was also a retired captain of the Italian cavalry. Having completed his work as leading man in "Beyond the Rocks," he is awaiting the call for his stellar début in "Blood and Sand," the Vicente Blasco Ibanez play.



Here's another guessing contest, readers! It isn't Ben Turpin and it isn't Doug Fairbanks! Who is it? Anyone getting the correct answer will receive a set of wooden pajamas.

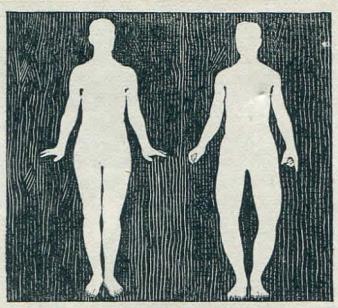
Viola Dana, the Metro star, admits an interest in Dr. R. Kendrick Smith's theory that persons of "oxygen temperaments" should mate only with "nitrogen temperaments."

"But, in the interests of romance," says Miss Dana, "I think the chemical theory of marriage should be exploded."

NOT to suggest that Gloria Swanson, Paramount star, is an ardent feminist or anything of that sort, but it is amusing to relate the following conversation between the charming young actress and her director, Sam Wood:

"Oh, Sam," exclaimed Gloria, "do you realize we have been working together nearly a year, now?"

"Yes," grinned her director, "and I haven't won a battle yet!"



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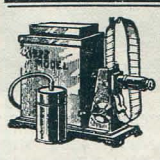
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SESSUE HAYAKAWA, whose latest picture released is "Five Days to Live," is a regular water dog when it comes to aquatic sports. A few years ago while visiting in Hawaii he became interested in the Hawaiian native sport of surf-board riding, and became as expert as the native professionals. Whenever he has an opportunity he takes his surf-board down to the beach near Los Angeles and exhibits his skill. There is one drawback to this, however, as all the other swimmers and bathers and riders in his vicinity must fly to cover for Sessue, in the parlance of the day, rides a "wicked" board.

A Peach of a Setting

IN filming the peach orchard scene in "Turn to the Right" the director, Rex Ingram, had to wait several months until nature had set the stage. But he waited and got the realistic scene he wanted.



Every time we see Billy Dove on the stage we wonder why she acts on the screen. Every time we see her on the screen we wonder why she acts on the stage.

Charley Ray Sez:

HE'S acted being embarrassed so long that he can't act any other way now. Which causes us to wonder where Charley got his training. Did he get in debt too?

Mack Sennet Sez:

THAT business sure is picking up. He sez his bathing girls are in good shape and that just as soon as the tide goes out he'll put on another comedy. Mack always was good at figures!

Snub Pollard Sez:

HE owes us a debt of gratitude. He sez he had appendicitis and that he laughed so hard at one of the jokes in FILM FUN that he split his sides and his appendix fell out, so he didn't have to have an operation!

Sessue Hayakawa Sez:

NO one seems to know how to pronounce his name and for the benefit of FILM FUN readers he wishes you to understand that the sneeze is silent!

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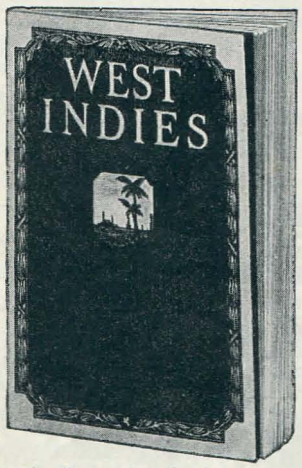
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DID you know that—

It takes twelve trained electricians to switch on the incandescent lights in a studio setting when the camera is turning?

That is exactly what happens during the filming of a motion picture when the scene requires the actor to enter a dark room and press a wall switch to illuminate the room. In a recent scene for "The Proxy Daddy," at the Paramount west coast studio, Thomas Meighan entered a darkened room while the camera was turning and simultaneously with his touching the wall switch the chief electrician shouted "lights" and twelve electricians threw on their various spot and Kleig lights, flooding the room.



Little Bessie Love has offered no more delightful work than that shown in her playing of the little Chinese girl in "The Vermilion Pencil." We don't know offhand whether Bessie's name is her right name, but it seems the right name to us.

WHEN Viola Dana, making a personal appearance tour of the country, arrived in Stockton, Cal., she was welcomed by the mayor, Dana P. Eicke, and a committee that included Gordon Stewart, Dr. Arthur Seymour and Dick Schrobel and Mark Leitcher, manager of the local Loew Theater. From the Mayor to Mark, all were bald-headed.

"I'd call it a City of Domes," said Miss Dana.

And the name has stuck.

J. ABRAMS, who is in charge of one of the units showing "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," was making a close train connection at Minneapolis. The train he was coming in on was about five minutes late. In order not to miss the other train, he wired ahead to hold the train for "The Four Horsemen" company. The train was held, the baggage transferred and Mr. Abrams stepped aboard the day coach.

The conductor asked if Abrams were the agent for "The Four Horsemen" and how many were in the company.

"Twelve thousand people and four horses."

"Where are they?" asked the conductor.

"They are all wrapped up and checked in the baggage car," Mr. Abrams said.

Editorials—By Samuel Hopkins Adams



PAUL THOMPSON

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

FOR two months the readers of Leslie's Weekly have been enjoying the great privilege, without knowing it, of reading editorials from the gifted pen of Samuel Hopkins Adams. Mr. Adams, famous as a novelist, magazine writer, social investigator and keen observer of American life, now steps forth into the open as a contributing editor on Leslie's staff. Henceforth he will conduct its editorial page under his own signature. Mr. Adams's clear vision and his terse, pungent, vigorous style of utterance speak for themselves; no further introduction seems necessary.

MAKE YOUR OWN MOVIE!!

Watch Buster Keaton Sit Down With a Bang!

CUT out each of the little panels illustrated below and arrange them one after the other, in numerical order—number 1 on top, the others following in sequence. Take an ordinary paper clip and fasten all the slips together at the bottom; or fasten around with a rubber band. Then hold the booklet firmly at bottom with thumb and index finger of left hand and snap the leaves at top with thumb of right hand and you'll see Buster perform one of the many tricks that have made him foremost among the comedy stars of the screen.



1. We just borrowed one of a thousand



2. Funny scenes from "The Boat."



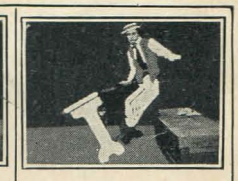
3. It's Buster Keaton's latest.



4. Buster doesn't seem to be able to keep his feet on the floor.



5. You won't either when you see it.



6. You'll be doubled up in your seat laughing.



7. We don't want to brag about Buster—but



8 He was appearing in "The Boat" on the same program



9. With one of those million-dollar pictures. Well,



10. A well-known newspaper critic saw that program



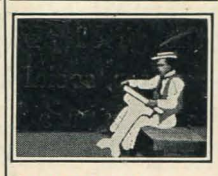
11. And it was his job to go back to the paper and write.



12. And tell all the kind and gentle people



13. About that million-dollar picture.



14. Well, it happens



15. That he reviewed the big picture in about two lines and



16. Used the rest of his column to tell about Buster.



17. Believe us, that was only fair, because "The Boat" is the best ever.



18. **A FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION**

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